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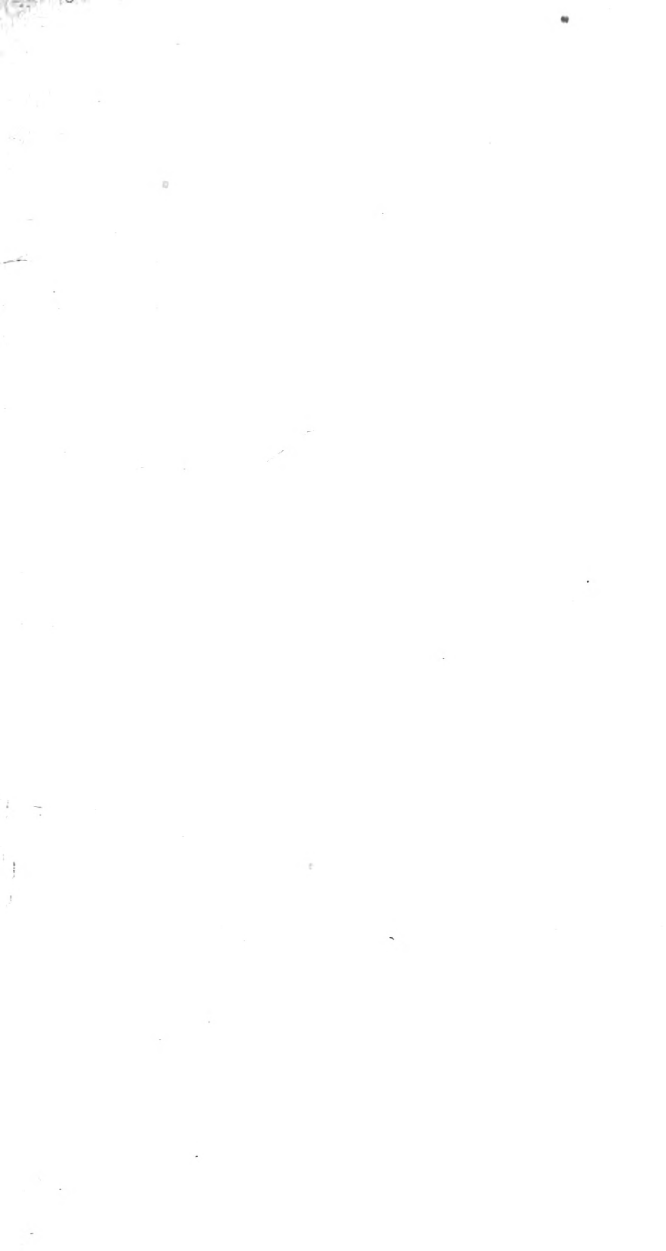
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DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street, London.

1810

DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

AUTHOR OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

Take Physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1809.

WATERBURY

NO

STATE OF CONNECTICUT

IN SENATE

JANUARY 18, 1881

IN SENATE

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 1, 1879
RELATIVE TO THE
LANDS BELONGING TO THE STATE
AND THE PROCEEDINGS THEREON
FROM 1837 TO 1879
AND THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE COMMISSIONERS
FROM 1837 TO 1879
AND THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE COMMISSIONERS
FROM 1837 TO 1879

1881

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DON SEBASTIAN,

OR

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

CHAP. I.

DURING Sebastian's absence, Abensallah had informed Tefza of the numerous calvacade, belonging to the Turkish Basha, which was proceeding nearly in the direction of the yearly caravans to Mecca, and with which if he hastened, he might fall in, and reach Syria safely, whence it would be easy to pass into Arabia: on the contrary, if he let this escape him, he must wait several months for the setting

out of the annual one from Fez ; and so unnecessarily protract the period either of his slave's freedom or conversion.

This information had determined Tefza to proceed without delay in search of this private caravan, while he dispatched one of his servants to a kinsman at Riffa, with directions for the management of his affairs during his absence, and an order for him to return the slave, (with such money as the journey required) in the track of the caravan.

This arrangement was most welcome to Sebastian, who retired to rest on a heap of dried mosses, with a lightened and grateful spirit.

On the morrow they departed: tears fell from the venerable Abensallah, as he gave a parting blessing to the fugitive King: Sebastian in return kissed his hands repeatedly, with much emotion. The great age of Abensallah forbade him to believe that they should meet again, till they met in the kingdom of Heaven: but

sorrow was checked by the thought, that Abensallah had long divorced every selfish care, and considered death only as an angel that was to open for him the gates of Paradise. His unblemished and benevolent life warranted such an expectation.

Many were the exhortations against rashness, which the good dervise had given Sebastian before Tefza awoke; he now whispered them afresh: the King listened submissively; his last injunctions to Abensallah were to cherish Babec, for Kara Aziek's sake.

Babec indeed shared his regret, although he saw her joyfully nestling over her young ones in a cage of oziers, which Ismael had slung under the shade of a plane tree, near the cave;—without knowing where she was put, Tefza heard that she was given to Abensallah; and as doves in Barbary are considered the especial bird of God, he looked on such a present as a favorable omen.

The travellers came up with the caravan, formed by the Basha's people, after a journey of two days.

With what tumult of heart did Sebastian behold the close litter of Kara Aziek ! he dared not approach too near, lest the sound of her voice might reach him, and hurry him into a transport that must betray their attachment.

Lowly traversing the desert of Zala, he and his pious companion shared in the advantages of the armed guard, and passed securely on through hordes of wandering people: at night he would draw near the tent where Aziek slept; his soul had no disquiet save for her safety; and for her he sometimes feared, when the indolent soldiers lay scattered about, offering an easy conquest to the robbers of those wilds.

In one of these nights, when all the party were sunk to rest, Sebastian left the sleeping Tefza, and affecting to seek rest also, lay down before the women's

tent with Barémel at his side. As he lay, his ear caught the sound of a light tread ; he drew back ; some one advanced to the opening of the tent, as if to breathe fresher air ; the person sighed,—ah ! that soft but profound sigh, it could proceed from no other heart than Kara Aziek's.

Trembling with joy and apprehension, he now drew near again, and applying his face close to the tent, said in a low voice, “ I am with thee, Aziek ! ”

For a moment all was still ; the next instant the drapery of the tent was drawn aside, and Kara Aziek herself appeared : her face was lighted up with joy ; she shrunk back, yet stretched out her arms towards him ; he flew forward, he prest her to his heart, and then hastily relinquished her : she retreated quickly and dropt the curtain, while he threw himself again upon the ground.

All this was done with such rapidity and in such silence, that he doubted whether he had or had not embraced the living Aziek ; but transient was the doubt ; sweet and

consoling recollections succeeded. The throbbing of the faithful heart that had panted against his, yet seemed to say in every beat, "I am re-united to thee again—I will never belong to another!"

Every thing appears possible to chaste and requited love: Sebastian now fondly believed that they were indeed re-united for ever; he dared presume that saints and angels, pleased with the sight of two hearts so purely attached, would plead for them in Heaven, and obtain their happiness of the Most High.

Like all other lovers he fancied that no one loved like him; like all other lovers he believed that *his* passion must be crowned with success. Erring Sebastian! perhaps the very reason upon which thou didst ground this presumptuous certainty, should have been the awakener of thy fears! Happiness is not for mortality; and would not happiness uniformly result from the enjoyment of a virtuous affection exactly returned?—

He now calculated the number of days

in which the caravan would arrive on the confines of Egypt, they must then separate: by the most sacred promise he was bound to accompany Tefza in his progress to the tomb of Mahomet, after which he would be free; but in the meantime what would become of Kara Aziek? would the laws of Moorish mourning protect her from the coarse passion of Ibrahim? She had assured him that they would.—

Satisfied with this assurance, (satisfied because his hopes were changed into confidence,) he revolved in his mind a multitude of visionary projects for her escape from the Basha, which alternately seized and abandoned, employed all his faculties so entirely, that he did not perceive himself deserted by Barémel.—The overjoyed animal had sprung into the tent after Kara Aziek, and now re-appeared; his master instantly felt the use that might be made of him, and extending an eager hand to his collar, found what he ex-

pected, a piece of writing beneath it. As he crushed the precious vellum in his hand, he darted round a glance of apprehension; no one had observed, for all were only beginning to rouse themselves from sleep.—

It was not till he had removed to a distance, and knew himself concealed by a cluster of palm-trees, that he opened and read these brief sentences.

“We must not trust ourselves to behold each other again, while surrounded by the Basha’s people;—I know thou art near to me, and that must be sufficient—convey thy plans to me—rely on the eternity of my love—I will live and die, only thine.”—

Transported with a prospect of correspondence, yet determining to use it with prudence, Sebastian hid the letter in his breast, and hastened to rejoin his companions, who were by this time preparing to strike their tents and re-load their camels.

As they rode slowly together in the

track of the caravan, the persevering Hadgé resumed his old theme; both his eloquence and his pertinacity seeming to increase as he drew nearer the native country of Mahomet. Sebastian had no longer thoughts for so futile a subject: neither arguments nor bursts of scorn interrupted Tefza, and charmed with this fancied attention, the good man believed himself on the point of saving a soul from perdition.—

At night they halted again; and then, while Tefza slept, the anxious lover briefly sketched to Kara Aziek his situation and his views: Barémel once more played the part of Babec, but it was not till the succeeding day, that Sebastian learnt the effect of his letter.—Kara Aziek determined to visit the tomb of the prophet ere she went into Syria: she announced this intention to the captain of her guard, who dared not disobey the commands of his master's bride, when those commands were associated with a pious object.

Orders were then issued for the caravan to direct its course to the western bank of the Red Sea, instead of proceeding through Egypt. Tefza extolled the youthful devotee, and called on his slave to let so memorable an example influence his prejudices.

It was only from these new movements that Sebastian joyfully gathered the intentions of Aziek : fearful of discovery, she would not trust their mute messenger too often, but contented herself with caressing him in her tent, soothed by the mere consciousness of his belonging to Sebastian.

By slow stages the travellers had traversed the desarts of Zala and Nubia, skirted the kingdom of Sennaar, and proceeding along the western coast of the Red Sea, were preparing to cross it into Arabia : it was at this period that Aziek hazarded another letter to her lover.

She informed him, that if on their arrival at Mecca, he would assume the dis-

guise of a female merchant of perfumes, and present himself at her door, she would incur the risk of receiving him, as then they might concert together the means of escape.

Impatient for this blissful moment, time seemed stationary to Sebastian, while the caravan proceeded along the varied land of Arabia towards the city of Mecca: at length they entered it, the different persons were dispersed, and Kara Aziek took up her abode in a habitation without the walls of the town.

Inclination would have hurried the impatient Sebastian immediately to the feet of his beloved, but he sought to enjoy that felicity unalloyed, and he could not do so while he knew himself a slave: to shake off his servitude by fulfilling the conditions upon which freedom had been promised him, was his first determination. He reminded Tefza of their compact, he recapitulated the words of Abensallah, and declaring himself eager to witness the ceremonies that were expected to work his

conversion, called on the old man to lead him quickly to the mosque.

The admission of Christians into their holy city or their mosques is prohibited to the Mahometans, but this law is sometimes waved in singular cases ; so that Tefza had procured a warrant from his spiritual superior, authorizing him to lodge his slave in the suburbs of Mecca, and to edify him by a view of the Mahometan worship.

It was to eyes blinded and ears deafened by intent attention to one precious object, that all the frivolous pomp of Mahometan ceremony was now directed : Sebastian endured it, but he could not bring his mind to observe and investigate its absurdities.

Tefza with grief beheld him enter the mosque, apparently look at, and listen to all that passed, yet never once did an air of abstraction quit his features, nor would he for an instant join in the slightest appearance of worship.

The third day closed ; his probation was at an end.

As they returned together from evening prayers to their lodgings near the city, profound silence subsisted between them ; but there was no silence in their hearts : Tefza's intreating eyes spoke only too audibly, as they perpetually turned and fixed themselves upon the face of Sebastian.

The regards of the King were cast down ; his head was inclined, his step slow ; but this downcast look, this regulated pace, the burning glow that increased every moment upon his cheek, plainly developed the struggles of a man, the expression of whose gladness, decency and gratitude united to control.

Tefza could with difficulty restrain his tears ; when he entered his lodgings they burst forth : he turned abruptly round, and throwing himself upon the neck of Sebastian, exclaimed in a broken voice :—

“ You will leave me then, my Son ?—

my desolate old age—my love for thee—will nothing plead?”

Interrupted by sobs he proceeded no further. This affecting resignation, this mild remonstrance, this fidelity to the promise given at Riffa, melted Sebastian; he ran his eyes eagerly over the amiable figure of the old man: his grey hairs and gentle countenance, the supplicating look with which he regarded him, pierced him with regret.

“Alas! my father,” he cried, falling at his feet, “I leave you with a sorrow which my conduct may seem to contradict:—O may you one day know my heart! may all whom I loved, or who have served me in Africa, know the imperious destiny that has controled my actions! I am not what I appear, Tefza: that God whom we equally adore, ordained me to a far different lot from that to which you have seen me condemned; I must endeavour to regain it. I leave you only for the fulfilment of duties, and in the hope of obtaining happiness. Ah! Why has fate

thrown me amongst so many excellent persons whom I can never hope to behold again !”

“ And am I never to see thee again, my son !” cried Tefza ; as he spoke, the blood forsook his cheeks, and he sunk down overpowered with affliction : Sebastian prest his lips upon that trembling hand in agitated silence.

The Hadgé wept audibly : “ O Fabian !” he cried at last, “ my sand is nearly run, might I but hope to meet thee in another existence, that hope alone”—

“ Father !” interrupted the young King, with a steadier voice, “ I feel that another world will re-unite us : I love you, I owe you infinite gratitude, my soul thirsts to pay its debt, but here it cannot be ; our different creeds, and different fates, sever us decisively. It is for this necessity you blame me ; you are good and just according to your judgment, yet you wrong me, and it is only in another existence, that learning my motives, you will cease to

condemn my actions. O my father ! time, suffering, and reflection, have assured me, (me, who once persecuted unto death) that all who sincerely love their God, and his creatures ; all who strive conscientiously to fulfil what they believe to be his law ; whether they be Jew or Gentile, whether disciples of Christ or of Mahomet, will, at the last great day, be accepted into his heavenly kingdom."

Tefza gazed at him as he would have eyed the opening Heavens, then catching him in his arms, he cried in an ardent tone, "*I will* think so, my son, *I will* think so ; it is impossible that such a soul as thine should be devoted to perdition."

The Christian and the Mahometan wept in each others arms : that fierce and indignant Sebastian, whom the slightest shew of authority inflamed to madness, was in a single moment softened to woman's tenderness, and wrought to regret the necessity which severed him from one whom so lately he had opposed and upbraided.

“When we have been separated one year,” said he, as he rose from the neck of the good Hadgé, “ask of Abensallah my story; he will tell it you, for I have instructed him in it. You will then pity and pardon me perhaps—at least you will own that only the strongest affections, and the most powerful duties, tear me from you.”

Sebastian hastily embraced him while speaking, and was going to break away, when Tefza put into his hands one of those beautiful shawls which the Moors call Haegs, requesting him to accept and wear it for his sake.

“Think of my paternal love when thou dost first unfold it,” he said faintly, “may the great prophet forgive thy blindness, and bless thee wherever thou goest. Alas! Fabian! thou didst make life dear to me, what will it be soon?”

Pierced, penetrated with honorable regret, Sebastian turned again to embrace him, exclaiming—“You rive my heart,

Tefza, for God's sake cease.—how it would console me to think that you and Aben-sallah spent your days together.”

At this suggestion the countenance of the Hadgé suddenly brightened, he grasped his young companion's hand, saying in a more animated tone, “ Would it console thee ? then I promise it,—that pious man will not refuse my wish to share his peaceful abode—my wealth shall become in his hand the property of others:—together will we talk of thee my son—together will we pray for thee : then wilt thou think of us together ? ”

Sebastian joyfully promised to do so, and once more embracing Tefza, tore himself away.

As Tefza supposed him going to seek an immediate conveyance to Cairo, whence he might embark for some Christian port in Europe, it was prudent to avoid the chance of a future rencontre with him ; Sebastian therefore repaired to the remotest suburb of the city, inhabited mostly by

Jews, who being accustomed to trade with the Portuguese settlers at Ormuz, were able to understand their language.

He procured lodgings at one of their houses, and retiring to the chamber allotted him, threw himself on a mattrass, not to rest, but to revolve the scheme of his conduct.

It was his intention to attempt seeing Kara Aziek early on the morrow; for this purpose he must procure some merchandise and some disguise. At this necessity he started as from sleep; how were these to be acquired, utterly destitute as he was of the means to purchase them! never before had the exiled monarch felt the grasp of penury: while in slavery money would have been useless, and therefore it was an unfelt want; Aziek's tender precaution had enriched him when he returned to Portugal, and since his second captivity, though that treasure had been swallowed by the ocean, its loss had been unmarked, since Sebastian could have no use for gold,

except to relieve the wretchedness of others, and for that purpose the hand of Tefza was always open.

Paralyzed with this blow, which threatened destruction to every plan his heated fancy had been forming, he started up, and stood rooted to one spot, anxiously seeking some other resource; the gift of Tefza then came to his recollection. It was a Haeg of such transparent fineness, and so curiously flowered with gold, that it might well afford a specious excuse for traffic; he decided therefore to present it for sale at Aziek's gate, and as the garments he wore were of silk stuff, it would not be difficult to obtain in exchange for them a Jew's black gown.

These ideas no sooner arose in his mind than he took out the shawl, and hastened towards a window to examine it more attentively; while unfolding it he heard something fall on the ground, which lifting, he found to be a purse stuffed with gold coin: the last words of Tefza then

recurred to him—"Think of my paternal love."—

He did think of that love, he did gratefully acknowledge it. Enhanced by his late perplexity, this considerate benefaction excited no common emotion of gladness and gratitude: it was from the hand of Tefza then, that he was receiving the means of happiness; without this present every effort must have been feeble and confined, and now he might command all that money could purchase towards its attainment.

He looked at the purse with moistened eyes, for he thought of the generous old man's cheerless age and pitiable character. Tefza's was not one of those vigorous minds which are sufficient for themselves: he needed objects to enliven and to interest him; without these he sunk into sadness. Piety however offered such a character consolation, and Sebastian comforted himself by hoping, that in the mildly-cheerful society of Abensallah,

his weaker spirit would find a stay and a charm.

On the morrow, after sunrise, when half the inhabitants of Mecca were hastening to the shrine of their prophet, and the remainder were opening their shops, arranging their merchandize, &c. Sebastian enquired of his host where perfumes were to be purchased; the Jew hastened to produce some scented handkerchiefs, and having just received a small portion of the flowers of the keura, (an Arabian tree, the blossoms of which retain their celestial fragrance even when dried,) he soon disposed of them to one who caught eagerly at any thing which might prove a passport to Aziek.

The Jew was well paid and incurious; so he neither openly nor secretly commented upon the stranger's additional purchase of a woman's black gaberdine and large hat. Having made these useful acquisitions, Sebastian went to one of those public places where coffee is sold,

and having obtained some, he retired to a back apartment, and there stained his face and hands, already darkened by many a burning sun and scorching wind: he threw the gaberdine over his other clothes, and watching an opportunity when all the men in the coffee-house were gathered round one of those story-tellers, that in the east make a trade of amusing strangers, he glided into the street, and was soon lost amongst the crowd.

By the least frequented ways, he reached the abode of Kara Aziek: it was the hour of morning prayers, and every man was at the mosque; all but a few soldiers who relieved each other as guards at her door. Sebastian eyed them well, to observe if they were men he had ever conversed with during their journey over the deserts: he did not remember their faces, and trusting to a similar forgetfulness on their side, he approached and asked, in a stifled jargon, whether they would look at his merchandize.

The soldiers, who were Turks, did not understand, and roughly repulsed him ; he unfolded his shawl, and the delicious scent of the keura flowers instantly perfuming the whole air around them, induced one of the guards to call out an old negro, whose office it was to convey the commands of Kara Aziek from her women to the Basha's officer : by this negro the soldiers had been instructed not to turn away any vender of perfumes.—

The unsuspecting slave now beckoned for Sebastian to enter, and led him through a suite of apartments to a chamber adjoining that of Kara Aziek ; the negro left him for a moment, then re-appearing, said something in his own language, and went out the way they had come.

Left alone, eager and apprehensive, Sebastian knew not whether to follow or to proceed ; while he hesitated, the door of the inner chamber softly opened ;—he bent forward—a female figure came forth—

she put aside her veil, and shewed him an unknown but engaging countenance, fair, pale, and mildly sad.

Past the prime of life, and evidently wasted by sickness, the lady looked like some interesting phantom; she smiled and courteously bowed as she passed slowly to the opposite door, which she bolted, then re-approaching, took him by the hand and led him to the entrance of the other chamber.

This unknown European, his incertitude, his grief, his fears, all were forgot, when in the retired chamber to which she pointed, he beheld Kara Aziek alone, unveiled, trembling with love and expectation: he flew forward, he locked her in his arms, he held her to his heart in silence; but that heaving heart, his quick and disturbed breathing, his trembling convulsive grasp, spoke more eloquently than words the extent and the intensity of his joy.

The softer and fainter spirit of Aziek

seemed to sink under the weight of happiness: she lay on his bosom nearly insensible; her eyes closed, and her feeble hand incapable of returning the frequent pressure of his. At length Sebastian spoke, and the sound of that beloved voice, like some strain of music, suddenly dissolved the spell; a few relieving tears trickled from beneath the eyelids of Aziek.

It was but a moment of happiness; those joyful tears which the devoted lover gently kissed away, were soon replaced by mists of fond apprehension: they must part again! their fate was yet darkened by menacing clouds, which might burst in destruction over their hapless heads.

In answer to Aziek's expression of these fears, Sebastian eagerly besought her to say whether she had learned where she was destined to remain in Syria: Aziek informed him that she heard the Basha had given orders for her to follow his camp, which some Syrian merchants at

Mecca, had described as being in the interior of Persia; part of which kingdom he had already traversed as a conqueror.

“It is in this hurry of war, and triumph of success, that I hope for awhile to be forgotten;” she said, “and perhaps the confusion of such scenes may render escape less difficult: at any rate I trust to this altered person for abating that strange passion of the Basha’s, which a picture (drawn in my days of peace,) had created.—When he sees me, surely—I know not how to explain my meaning, Sebastian—but it is not love he feels for me—and nothing less than love can be satisfied with Aziek as she is now.”

She spoke this blushing and looking down; and Sebastian felt such delightful tenderness as he gazed on her, that it was some moments ere he perceived the justice of her suggestion.

His beloved was changed: it has been remarked that “folly and insensibility season beauty;” they preserve it indeed,

from that alteration which reflection and extreme tenderness, inevitably produce.

Aziek's gentle form was constructed too finely for duration under violent emotions of any kind: her grief at his supposed death, and her joy at finding that grief unfounded, had wasted her visibly; it had exhausted her strength, and gradually dried up the rosy spring that used to colour her cheeks. The brightness of her beauty indeed was clouded, but no disease had fixed on her constitution, no languor pervaded her countenance; and when Sebastian first saw her again after their long separation, he felt not the absence of perfection while his senses were un-shocked by an appearance of absolute decay.

The devoted lover ardently kissed the hand which Aziek had extended to him; "I complain of nothing, sweetest Aziek, if I may but retain *yourself*—your heart—your soul!—Live for me, continue to love me—and time, which hastens to wear

away such passions as those inspired by mere beauty, will only bind *our* affections in closer union.—Yes Aziek, it was reserved for your precious character to teach me the nature and the value of real love; of that love which the *Great Being* beholds with complacency, and will bless hereafter:—till I knew you, I was ignorant how much that sentiment can exalt as well as delight.—We must not part, Aziek!—I cannot—cannot quit you.”—

The tone in which he pronounced the last words, penetrated Kara Aziek; she lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on his, with the look of one whose heart is overflowing with some feeling they long to express, and share with a beloved object; tears of strong emotion gushed from them, a vivid colour spread over her face, and she threw herself suddenly into his arms, exclaiming—“we are divided now perhaps, by Heaven’s will, only that we may meet again for eternal re-union.”

The expression given by her touching voice to the word *eternal*, struck Sebastian forcibly: he recalled the European woman that had conducted him; he looked intently at Aziek:—resolved to believe what he wished, and without giving utterance to his thoughts, he pressed her against his heart with an emotion only to be conceived by one who has felt the same.

“That Christian lady whom thou hast just seen,” said Aziek, as she disengaged herself from his arms after a short pause, “is my friend; she was a slave in my uncle’s house, and I bought her to give her liberty, and convey her to a countryman now residing at the Persian court. She was taken in a vessel returning from Venice to England (of which country she is a native,) and having lost her husband during the engagement of the ships, cared too little for life to lament her captivity. I love her, and confide in her: I have

told her our story, (but concealing thy rank,) and it is with her I hope to fly to the court of Persia."

"And what is her countryman, Aziek?"

"The queen of England's ambassador, Sir Anthony Shirley; a sage and worthy gentleman; one, she says, that will protect me, and would aid thee, if—"

A sudden light shone over the face of Sebastian—"Tell me Aziek," he said, "have you heard the grounds of this war? which are the aggressors, the Turks, or the Persians?"

Ignorant of her lover's motive for this inquiry, Kara Aziek proceeded to detail what had been casually communicated to her by the old negro, and by the captain of her guard; from their accounts it was evident that the Persians had been forced into hostilities. A most atrocious act had been committed on their frontiers in the time of peace by a Turkish grandee whom the Sultan refused to punish; this insult had been followed by a train of enormities

which obliged the sufferers to take up arms; and the merciless Ottomans had already traversed part of Persia, with desolation and cruelty as their attendants. It was a war of justice on the part of Persia;—not a barbarous contest for supremacy.

“Once more then in the broad field of honour—once more in open day and fearless truth, will I press onward to my wishes!”—this exclamation burst from the heart of Sebastian: as he spoke, his hand habitually sought the place where his sword formerly hung; joy smoothed his noble brow, his whole being seemed to dilate.

“What meanest thou, Sebastian?”—faintly articulated Kara Aziek.

“To gain you like a King and a soldier!—Tremble not my beloved; think you that the God we serve, will not bless me more in the open path of sincerity, than when shrinking from scrutiny, planning, deceiving, and over-reaching?—my soul

abhors artifice, Aziek,—’tis a yoke that galls me worse than servitude or chains.—I will abandon this disguise, trust your dear safety to angels like yourself, hasten to Persia, enroll myself in her list of champions, and with my sword clear out the way to thee.—I will win thee—I will deserve thee Aziek !”

In an ecstasy of hope, the young and ardent monarch fell at the feet of Kara Aziek ; he was restored to himself, he was Sebastian of Portugal again ! never had she beheld him thus.

What new charm did this proud fire spread over his countenance ! his figure was concealed by its loose black drapery, but his uncovered head breathed indeed both the King and the soldier.

Aziek regarded him more fondly, more admiringly, more devotedly than ever : “ Ah why must I love thee thus (she exclaimed) with an increasing passion ?” her blushing face hid itself on the shoulder of her lover.

Soothing, grateful and tender, Sebastian checked his enthusiasm to raise the drooping spirits of Aziek: while endearing vows, and chaste caresses, assured her of his attachment, she forgot every apprehension, and whispered only this sentiment of regret, "Life is too short to love thee in." But when he spoke again of his intention to join the forces of Persia and win her by deeds of arms; her fears returned, and her tears flowed.

It was long ere Sebastian could convince her that his life would be more secure, and their prospect of union more certain, were he to incur the chances of open warfare, than if he should follow her disguised into Syria, and there loiter near her, subject to suspicion and to discovery.

War, tremendous war! how did it shock the tender soul of Aziek! but the dignity and integrity of Sebastian was too precious in her eyes, for her to urge any conduct by which they might be compromised. "Go then," she said, at length,

“Go! beloved of my soul! delight of my eyes! treasure of my days! obey the dictates of thy brave and upright spirit! I will believe that the God thou dost worship, that God who did create and make thee what thou art, the most excellent, most dear,—ah! foolish Aziek, say what thou wilt, to this thou recurrest at last!” again she leaned her glowing face on his breast, and smiling through crowding tears, ceased to speak.

“Was man ever loved thus?”—exclaimed Sebastian, half-wild with an emotion too exquisite for mortality to sustain. “Angelic Aziek! this moment is cheaply bought by all my past sufferings. Take every thing, high Heaven! so you leave me but her.”

The silence that followed, was interrupted only by soft and delightful sighs, which alternately seemed to waft to their different bosoms, the souls of each: every painful fear had faded from their minds, all was forgotten.

In the midst of this sweet oblivion, the Englishwoman appeared ; her looks and gesture expressed haste and alarm ; Sebastian started from the arms of Aziek, he hastened to the door : then turning to look on her once more, saw her pale, trembling, her arms yet extended, and her touching eyes fixed upon him : he hastened back, folded her to his breast, and without speaking or being spoken to, tore himself away.

While he hurried after his directress, she whispered in imperfect French, “ Be under the eastern side of this house at prayer time to night.” She then unlocked the door of the apartment, and leading him forward, called the negro, who soon appeared and conducted him out.

The crowds hurrying home from the mosques, proved to Sebastian that Aziek’s friend had not been too careful ; a moment’s stay might have exposed him to the scrutiny of her whole household, and suspicion must have followed, from his female

habit so ill-suited with his countenance. He returned to his lodging, where he shut himself up with Barémel till the hour of evening prayer.

How hope-inspiring were the reveries with which he delighted his naturally-blissful spirit, during this interval!

“ Too sure the passion that his soul misled,
Was checked, not conquered ; buried, but not dead ! ”

The activity of camps and armies, “ the pomp and circumstance of war,” the exercise of bodily power and mental energy, the chivalric glow of perilous enterprize, still had charms for this unquenchable spirit: in renouncing their attractions at the command of principle, his heart had yet yearned after them ; he had bidden them adieu with such fond regret as the lover feels who tears himself away from a faithless mistress, exclaiming, “ Ah why are so many charms united with so much frailty ! ”

Now his soul sprung back with im-

petuous force, for now he should at once fight for an oppressed people and a beloved object: he rose, he traversed his apartment with disordered steps; his burning cheek and kindling eye were full of noble purposes: again his limbs seemed to feel the gallant clasp of mailed armour; the knightly helm again seemed to press his brow; and once more his manly arm wielded the tremendous faulchion.

Who that had seen Sebastian at this moment, would have failed to discover in him that enthusiastic, rash heroic King of Portugal, who had once risked and lost every thing for the sake of glory?—he was no longer the same Sebastian that had so lately been stricken to the dust by despair and misanthropy.

How often does the spirit of man die and revive! in the season of youth grief may destroy, but hope will renew it. Like the hardy eagle which poets have fabled immortal, the soul decays, sheds her plumes, sinks into transient death, then

suddenly glows again with life, rises new-winged from dust, and soars to Heaven!

Into the mind of Sebastian no visions entered, except such as were bright and blissful: an instant of time, an atom only of distance, seemed to divide him from the possession of all he panted for. In the vigour of youth, and the full zenith of ardour, he felt an inward strength, which assured him that his destiny was yet in his own hands.

“I shall acquire thee, Aziek!” he said exultingly, “I shall regain my crown, my people’s hearts, my friends, and my own respect!”

Yet erring Sebastian!—didst thou weakly think that a throne and a name were necessary to make thee great? thou wast more worthy thy own respect when performing the meanest tasks for thy fellow-slaves in the cassavee of El Hader, than when issuing commands to crowds of

obedient courtiers; from thy palace of Ribera.

Sebastian's proud nature was yet but imperfectly amended; he had to suffer and to learn still more.

At the hour appointed, he repaired to the place marked out by Aziek's friend: it was a spot calculated for concealment, being surrounded by decayed buildings and thick clusters of sycamores: he looked up at the sound of an opening blind, which was put aside by Kara Aziek herself, who regarding him tenderly, took a small packet from her bosom, and pressing it to her lips with a smile that seemed to say "I send this kiss to thee," threw down the packet, motioned him away, and withdrew immediately.

The King seized his prize and hurried home to examine it.

The contents were a letter from Aziek's friend to her countryman in Persia, and one from Aziek to Sebastian: she con-

jured him to hasten to Ispahan, where the Sophi held his court, there to seek Sir Anthony Shirley. Perhaps the zeal of that Englishman for a highly-allied countrywoman, would quicken his exertions for the man beloved by her protectress; and by his advice, or through his means, some safe plan for their flight from Syria might be devised.—At all events, she conjured him to couple prudence with enterprise, and to remember, that if her freedom was to be purchased by his death, the blessing would change into a curse.

The instructions for his conduct contained in this letter, were so full and satisfactory, that Sebastian lost not a moment in fulfilling them: he calculated justly, that Kara Aziek would scarcely have reached the Basha's camp, ere he should have entered Ispahan, procured permission to join the Sophi's army, and perhaps carried that formidable camp sword in hand.

He hastened to seek his Jewish host, and having engaged him to procure a trusty Arab as a guide, enjoining him to be ready early on the morrow, he returned to his chamber, where he threw himself on the ground to renovate his strength with sleep, ere he commenced his journey.

CHAP. II.

THE morning sun shone cheeringly over the city, and the long line of varied coast which runs southward towards the straits of Babelmandel: from the groves of citron and the surrounding coffee-grounds, ascended a rich odour which the sea-breezes softened and refreshed. Sebastian paused a moment ere he mounted his horse; he looked back upon the city which contained Kara Aziek and the good Tefza. "Poor old man!" he exclaimed, "you will never see me more."

A tear started in his eye as he spoke, he thought of all Tefza's past kindness, and his heart melted: but soon recovering, he laid his hand on the horse's neck, vaulted into his seat, and galloped off after the Arabian guide.

The new and fertile country through which they travelled, perpetually awakened the most lively emotions in the breast of a man, amiably susceptible to every charm of nature: its hills, covered with that enchanting jessamine which grows there so profusely, and perfumes the air almost insufferably; its vallies, embalmed with the gentler perfume of the sea-daffodil; the noble verdure which shaded these, composed of cedars, sycamores, and palms; that exquisite union of fruits, flowers, and living green, which the dews bathe and the sun embellishes; the song of birds and the hum of bees, all conspired to touch Sebastian's heart, and to ravish his senses.

His mind, animated by hope, had acquired fresh vigour for the enjoyment of delightful objects: the sentiment of happy love diffused its own sweetness over every sense, and had he not *found* them beautiful, that sentiment would have made them so.

During his rapid journey, the idea of Gaspar perpetually followed that of Kara Aziek : till this period that dear friend's image had been almost effaced by intense anxiety for the fate of Aziek, and by ineffectual attempts at regaining her : now, that he had beheld and conversed with his beloved, and was hastening to fields of contest for her sake, he felt proudly secure, and turned with tender solicitude to the remembrance of his distant friend.

The nights in Arabia are bright as noon ; yet their tranquillity, their freshness, their crystal clearness, are so celestially unlike the relentless fire of their days, that the traveller stretches himself out on the terrace of the house which lodges him, not to sleep, but to gaze on the resplendent Heavens.

Those enchanting nights elevate man's nature ; they refresh his body, they purify his soul : their serene influence appears to render sleep unnecessary, and a

sublime calm, like that repose which imagination attributes to God's, pervades his whole being, and alone regenerates his powers.

Under such impressions, Sebastian lay thinking of Gaspar: the sacred sentiment of friendship was worthy of the scene.

Departing from the luxuriant neighbourhood of Mecca, Sebastian passed over the mountains of Gabel el Ared, toiled through the Arabian desert, crossed the date-shaded Euphrates, and entered Persia: shortly afterwards he knew himself to be approaching Ispahan, by the far-stretching fields of roses, amongst which that famed city was in those days embosomed.

Soon its high walls and lofty domes were seen along the horizon, forming but a comparatively diminutive line at the feet of the gigantic mountains of Taurus. How little, how atom-like are all the labours of art, when contrasted with the vast and eternal productions of nature.!

He approached the town; troops of warriors were pouring from different gates: the trampling of their white steeds, was mixed with the sound of martial music; banners and spears rose above their thick lines, and their leaders clad in magnificent habits, superbly mounted, and completely armed, rode onward with an air of troubled haste.

Every thing announced alarm and precipitation; the fate of Persia was then hanging in the balance; a day longer, and she might cease to exist among nations!

At the sound of the trumpet, the war-horse long dismissed to pasture, starts, flashes his fiery eyes, tosses his proud neck aloft, strains every sinew, and rushes upon the shock of battle: Sebastian's limbs shook like his, with a powerful emotion excited by the troops of the Sophi: his heart beat high; it swelled with a sentiment of fraternity towards every soldier before him. His eyes long pursued their

hurried march, till distance lessened them, and then turning into one of the gates, he sought impatiently some house where he might obtain information of Sir Anthony Shirley.

The expressive countenance of Sebastian, and his own quickness of perception, supplied the place of language between him and the Persians: after some difficulty, he procured a bath, refreshment, and then a conductor to the mansion of the ambassador.

Having thrown off his Moorish habit, and put on a suit of old armour, which he had collected from different shops at Mecca, he prepared to issue forth. Ill-assorted and imperfect as this armour was, it yet clouded not the manly graces of the wearer: his gallant looks ennobled a homely cuirass, and might have made the harness of trimmer knights appear but the trapping of military idleness. Brightened by a variety of animating feelings, his countenance formed a strong con-

trast to the sombre hue of his iron mail.

The man who acted as guide led him through streets intersected with gardens and canals, to a wide square, in which stood the palace of the Sophi, and the residence of the ambassador: there he left him.

Among the domestics of the Englishman, fortunately there was an Italian, to whom Sebastian addressed himself, "Tell your master," he said, "that a stranger, a Christian knight, asks to converse with him alone."

The Italian eyed him with surprize, but the air of the stranger awed curiosity into silence, and he respectfully withdrew.

Sir Anthony Shirley,* (to whom is that

* To lessen the number of agents necessary for the plan of this romance, the author has ventured occasional violations of chronology: in the above instance, she has antedated the birth and mission of Sir Anthony Shirley, who did not really reside at the magnificent capital of Schah Abbas, till several years later.

name unknown?) had lived in the memorable court of Queen Elizabeth, he had breathed the same air with Raleigh, Cecil, and Sidney; he had listened with admiration to the immortal Shakespeare; he was now come to represent his sovereign at the distant court of Persia, giving there a wondrous example of perfect goodness and profound wisdom unalloyed by one visible failing.

The title of stranger was an immediate passport to his courtesy, but when coupled with that of a Christian knight, courtesy changed into kindness.

On the entrance of Sebastian, he rose and embraced him: "in this country," he said, "Christians should indeed think themselves brethren,—far from our homes and our altars the heart eagerly throws off the restraint of ceremony, and finds relationship in opinions and principles."

Sir Anthony spoke in his own language, of which Sebastian was ignorant; he shook his head with a thanking smile, that shew-

ed he felt the meaning of those words merely from the tone in which they were uttered, and recollecting himself an instant, replied in Portuguese, and then in Latin: Shirley looked at him with pleased surprize while opening the letter which he presented.

The serene dignity of Sir Anthony now gave way to a variety of emotions: perplexity and concern were painted on his face while he successively read a description of his countrywoman's widowed state, her sickness, her slavery, and lastly, her hope of reaching Persia only to die under a Christian roof. Tears gathered in his eyes, which he turned aside to conceal.

After some moments' silence he addressed the King. "By what name am I to address the noble gentleman of whom this unfortunate lady writes so impressively?"

"By what name!" repeated the young monarch, regarding him with the estranged air of a man whom that question had swiftly hurried to other thoughts:—an

interval of abstraction was followed by one of extreme agitation.

Sebastian evidently felt an impulse to confide in the Englishman; he saw in him the representative of a sovereign, and his imperious spirit revolted from the supposition of inferiority: stepping back with an air of dignity, he was about to pronounce the words "Sebastian of Portugal," when recollecting himself, and remembering the prudent resolution he had formerly taken, as well as the difficulties into which Sir Anthony's political views might plunge him, he smiled, shook his head, and replied only by a bright flush of emotion.

The courteous ambassador did not repeat his question; he remained thoughtfully silent: Sebastian spoke at length.

"Let my name be forgotten in that of Knight of the Cross; I have suffered much for that title, have forsaken much to deserve it: let me then be known only as a Christian soldier.—You behold in me,

Sir Anthony, a Portuguese nobly born, not destined to the profession of arms, but embracing it from inclination. I was one in the fatally-memorable expedition of Don Sebastian!—After many hardships, and more sorrows, I am come hither to offer my services to the Sophi ; a Christian knight *may* war by the side of infidels when their cause is just, for then, he sees in them only men and brethren.—Have you confidence enough in this countenance to believe me what I profess myself? dare you pledge your faith for my integrity while presenting me to the Persian ?”

The young monarch advanced as he spoke, and putting aside the hair which darkened his forehead, fixed his eyes on Sir Anthony with a look that courted scrutiny.

Shirley regarded him attentively ; for Shirley was past that age in which men’s hearts wait not for the sanction of their judgments: he still looked steadily at

him; at last stretching out his hand with an aspect changed from consideration to confidence, he exclaimed, "*I will* pledge myself for your worthiness."

It was not the aim of Sebastian to conceal more than was necessary; though evidently delighted in making mystery indispensable to him, it was abhorrent to a soul that loved to walk unveiled before men and angels.

He now candidly confessed to his courteous entertainer, that gratitude and love united, formed the strongest motives to the action he meditated: he sought to be entrusted with some command, chiefly that it might bring him into contact with the Basha, and afford him an opportunity of winning rather than stealing Kara Aziek.

Shirley's character was too grave and philosophic for perfect sympathy with the feelings of an impassioned lover: he smiled at the importance which a sentiment he had never felt, could bestow

upon women ; but he forbore uttering his thoughts : he tasked himself to consider how it would be best to procure from the Sophi that trust the stranger sought.

A review of the Persian levies was to take place on the morrow ; Sir Anthony settled that they should repair thither together, when the knight would be enabled to demonstrate his military knowledge in a scene calculated to call it forth, and the Sophi might investigate his observations through the medium of an interpreter :—meanwhile Sebastian was requested to consider the Englishman's house as that of an ancient friend ; to reside in it, and to command there.

Shirley now made many anxious inquiries about the precise state of his countrywoman, which Sebastian could only answer by assuring him that she was in the hands of the tenderest and most generous of women :—he then besought some particulars of the battle of Alcazar.

Eager to seize this opportunity of dissipating the error into which he perceived all the European courts had fallen (an error which attributed the failure of Portugal to unskilfulness, and not treachery,) Sebastian willingly called back the sufferings of that painful period: he gave a distinct account of the Portuguese operations from the moment in which the army touched African ground, till that period in which Muley Hamet caused its overthrow.

His animated descriptions—alternately prosperous and pathetic, rivetted the attention of Shirley; he followed the speaker's glowing language with answering enthusiasm, yet did he retain sufficient coolness to note as he went along, every expression which might develope the great commander or disclose the mere novice.

With surprize and gratification he witnessed the emotion with which Sebastian

made the eulogium of his countryman: the gallant deeds of Stukeley lived again in the hurried eloquence of a brother in arms: his fall was but mentioned, not dwelt on, for at that part, the lips of the orator quivered, and his voice was choaked in its passage.

Pleased with this sensibility, and satisfied with the observations which had grown out of their interesting discourse, Shirley assumed a more confidential tone, and hazarded a conjecture about the fate of the King and his surviving adherents: Sebastian rose in disorder.

“We will speak on this subject no more;” he said abruptly, “it is painful to me,—the destiny of Don Sebastian is in the hands of God;—who may venture to determine it?—If he live, Providence assuredly will restore him a sceptre which he wished to wield worthily: his misfortunes will have been his instructors; and Europe may perhaps find with astonishment an example for Kings, in him who

has tasted the bitterness of every situation, and thus learned—but enough of this—I divine not his fate.”

The broken voice, flushed and averted cheek, together with the severely-noble air of Sebastian, startled Sir Anthony; a vague suspicion crossed his mind; it was the suspicion of a moment: for to a man of quiet feelings, untinctured with romance, no sufficient motive for Sebastian’s concealment and errantry presented itself to his fancy. He regarded him curiously once more, then said,—

“ I mistake much, Sir Knight, if you were not a confidential companion of Don Sebastian’s; but I ask not whom: suffice it to me, that you are a Christian, a soldier, and a gentleman.”

Sebastian bowed without speaking, and retired abruptly.

Early on the morrow, the ambassador and his unknown guest appeared at the review of the Persian troops; soon after the Sophi’s son arrived, surrounded by

nobles sumptuously attired, on milk-white horses, whose chanfraines sparkled with precious stones. When Shirley approached with one whose plain armour (ill-suited and unbrightened) formed a contrast to the gold and polish of theirs, all the young Persians regarded him with surprize; they exchanged glances of contempt together: but how quickly was that contempt changed into a sentiment of awe, when the stranger, uncovering himself with an air of command and submission mingled, displayed a countenance on which were stamped majesty, intrepidity self-respect, and the sweetest benignity.

Deeply read in courts, Sir Anthony Shirley noted the address of his companion: he beheld him meet the gaze of the Persian Prince and his suite, not only without embarrassment, but with looks of growing nobleness. Who was he then? and what high station had he held near the throne of Portugal? Shirley's thoughts could not determine these questions, but

they answered one more important ; they assured him he might rely on the ability and the faith of the man he scrutinized.

Having previously explained to Prince Abbas, that the stranger sought permission to take the field in his cause, he had now only occasion to present his gallant friend, and to interpret for him during the day.

The Prince reviewed his army, visited some works of defence that were constructing round Ispahan, examined his magazines, in short, devoted the whole day to an inspection of his military resources : while doing so, he developed the genius of his new officer.

The questions, remarks, and details of Sebastian, were faithfully translated to him by Shirley, and these convinced the young Persian that in this stranger he was acquiring an able knight, one to whom war was familiar.

The plans of their meditated operations were then displayed and discussed in the

royal tent; it was here that the pre-eminence of European skill was peculiarly visible; it was here that Sebastian's fire blazed out again. He examined every map, and weighed every calculation with the profoundest attention; he balanced their advantages and disadvantages; he detected their defects; he explained the justness of some, and the error of others; he then frankly proposed such alterations as his sounder experience dictated, and in elucidating these, gave loose to all the impetuous energy of his character.

Sebastian was now on the theme which long habit had too much endeared; and as the track of glory opened and brightened before his mental eye, the prospect it held forth kindled new ardour and awoke new powers. His rusted cuirass and ill-fashioned greaves were forgotten by the young courtiers, as they circled round the foreign knight and listened to his interpreted discourse: Sebastian himself forgot

that he was not dictating to his own war-council ; on his brow sat the authority of a King, on his lips the convincing eloquence of a great commander.

“ What manner of man is this ? ” exclaimed the Sophi’s son, with astonishment—“ Has he not headed armies in his own country ? ”

Shirley replied in a low voice, unwilling to be heard by others, “ I have signified to your highness’s sublime father, that he wishes his name and rank to be forgotten ; he would be known only as Knight of the Cross. His illustrious master Don Sebastian King of Portugal perished in an unsuccessful expedition against the Moors, and since then I understand this faithful subject has devoted himself to serve religion and humanity, by combating only in their separate or united causes. I pledge myself for this stranger ; and I predict that Persia will find no reason to repent of the confidence with which she reposes on my pledge.”

Prince Abbas bowing graciously to Sir Anthony turned towards Sebastian; "Christian! he said, I accept your services; this day enrolls you in my royal father's list of warriors: see that you do not dishonour our trust. Ask what you wish; the armory, the treasury, the magazine of horses, all are open to you; I feel assured that you will not make an indiscreet use of this generosity."

As the interpreter repeated this speech, the Christian King lifted up his eyes, and fixed them proudly for an instant on the haughtier face of the young Prince; his nice honour was somewhat shocked by the oblique repetition of an exhortation to act worthily: recollecting however, that perfect amenity of heart is not to be expected where the religion of the Lamb is not practised, he smoothed his feelings, and replied gravely; "Success is in the hand of Heaven, but truth and action are dependent on our own wills: I may fail and fall, but I cannot live and be unworthy.

Prince ! you must pardon my refusing to accept any other mark of your goodness than that of being permitted to share in the warfare of your troops ; as however, the knowledge of your language is important in such a situation, I beg you will order one of your ablest teachers to instruct me in it."

This request was immediately granted, after which Prince Abbas invited the two Christians to return with him to Is-pahan.

A sumptuous banquet awaited them in the palace of the Sophi, but the aged Xatama himself, did not appear: during the repast music and perfumes flowed around, and at its conclusion the guests were alternately delighted by the recitation of Persian poetry, and the graces of dancing girls.

The severe taste of Sebastian received no gratification from the studied and voluptuous attitudes of the latter, but he listened eagerly to the chaster composi-

tions of their poets, whose tender lays were chiefly devoted to eulogise the nightingales, the roses, and the moonlight by which they were surrounded.

Having been seated next to the Sophi's son, he perceived that the noble Persian, though at that age when man's senses are most awake, did not vouchsafe a glance to the dancers, nor appear to heed the seducing music which custom led him to command: he sat coldly abstracted, evidently revolving matters of great importance.

Pleased with the character this dignified seriousness announced, Sebastian won him into conversation; they conversed much together, and although their interpreter did not preserve all the shades of their discourse, it was yet sufficiently charming to delight each other. Prince Abbas gallantly challenged his new friend to a trial of skill the ensuing day, when he meant to draw forth in a sprightly joust the military address of his associates.

On the morrow, three hours after sunrise, an equerry entered the court of Sir Anthony Shirley's habitation, leading a beautiful horse caparisoned with gold and gems: it came from the Abbas, with these words wrought in pearls on a roll of Indian silk.

“Accomplished stranger! accept this present from the son of the Sophi:—it is not the Prince but the friend who offers it.”

So courteous an act completely effaced from Sebastian's mind all memory of Abbas's first reception: he replied with grace, and adjusting his plain armour, proceeded to the field of combat.

The lists were crowded with Persian nobles, the stand filled with female beauty: in every manly exercise, the superior skill and natural grace of Sebastian was pre-eminent; in the contest of the sword, in the management of their steeds, in vaulting, hurling the quoit, darting the spear, elancing the arrow, his happier star destined

him to excel. One by one, the effeminate Persians yielded to his ascendancy, and even Prince Abbas himself willingly ceded to a Christian knight the magnificent prize of the day, a suit of gold armour.

This prize was awarded by the Sophi, who from a window of his palace had witnessed the amicable contest: he received his new officer with much graciousness, but feeble from age and sickness, shunned further discourse, and broke up a short levée by referring all things to Prince Abbas.

That discerning Prince, thoroughly satisfied with the display of Sebastian's personal accomplishments, now appointed him to a distinguished situation on the frontier, where a large force was immediately going in order to check the bold movements of Ibrahim. Should he continue advancing, this force was to take and occupy all the forts in his rear lying along the line of Armenia; this step would enable them to oppose a formidable barrier to his retreat,

while Prince Abbas marched to meet him between Ispahan and the Tigris.

As the Basha Ibrahim had recently received a check from a Persian general, he had fallen back, and lay inactive for the present in a strong position, waiting for reinforcements.

This inaction afforded Sebastian time to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the language now so necessary to him; he devoted himself to it with ardour and application: his natural facility thus assisted by an intense desire, soon enabled him to vanquish its difficulties, and in less than three weeks he knew sufficient to require only occasionally the aid of Shirley's interpreter.

During this period, military details, the study of Persian tactics, (which it was requisite for him to understand, in order to guard against their errors) the study of the Persian soldiery, occupied all his days; his evenings were devoted to the gallant court of Prince Abbas, where the young nobles

were accustomed to entertain their ladies by martial shews and feats of dexterity. In these oriental tournaments Sebastian wore the costly gift of the Sophi, but no sooner did the war-cry call him into serious action, than he threw aside his glittering attire, and resumed that of knight of the cross.

With what impatience had he waited for this moment ! the destiny of Aziek, so long unknown, would now be unfolded to him ; but a little while, and he hoped to march at the head of victorious troops to set her free : yet sometimes his blood chilled, when apprehension suddenly seized him, and he dwelt for an instant upon the possibility of Aziek's having been forced to yield to the despotic will of Ibrahim.

So much doubt, so much fear, was mixed up with his present success, that he tasted only a troubled joy when he saw himself thus miraculously placed in a post of honour and trust, by a Prince whom

policy would have justified in very different conduct.

The implicit confidence of Sir Anthony Shirley excited in him emotions of another kind; and hoping one day to give him gratifying proofs of gratitude from the throne of Portugal, he consoled himself for present inability by this remote prospect.

Prince Abbas, without betraying the slightest suspicion, acted like a man of sound judgment: he surrounded the stranger by such officers as he himself relied on the most; he took every precaution against treachery, while at the same time he left open to him the path of honourable action.

This conduct did not escape the sensitive feelings of Sebastian: at first he was stung with indignation; (for it was not always that Sebastian could recollect man is not omniscient, and that unless he can read the hearts of others, he is justified in ceding to the force of suspicious appear-

ance ; and mystery is invariably suspicious) he gave way for a while to a perfect transport of anger : but by degrees the propriety of Abbas's precautions became visible to him, and remembering that the Prince, being entrusted by his father with the protection of their empire, owed the duty of prudence not only to the Sophi but to the people, his unjust resentment changed into respect.

It was only to Sir Anthony Shirley that Sebastian had disclosed the prime motive of his appearance at Ispahan ; the name of her he loved was too sacred for lighter ears : and besides, the impression made even by a description of beauty on these sons of sensual pleasure, was sufficient to deter him from mentioning her charms to others ; Abbas's apparent insensibility to beauty, and the prejudices of his religion, were motives too strong for Sebastian uselessly to break through.

In the luxury of solitude alone, or when caressing Barémel, he permitted his whole soul to diffuse itself over her dear idea :

then, past hours of virtuous endearment, of tenderness and heart-felt happiness unallayed by one jealous pang, rose to remembrance; then arms, and fame, and proud distinction lost their pre-eminence; then, the re-attainment of his throne and his country ceased to excite turbulent emotion: nothing was prized for its own sake, all things moved him only as they had reference to her without whom no situation could bestow felicity.

When he recollected their last interview, and the sudden conjecture to which it had given birth, a mixture of joy and alarm quickened the pulses of his heart: Kara Aziek had surely indicated a change in her religious sentiments; her female companion was then affecting that conversion which her lover had vainly attempted. But what was the creed of this Christian? if she were of the Reformed Church (the new religion of England,) she was instilling "a damnable heresy," instead of planting the true faith.

In the ear of Sebastian the names of Lu-

ther and Calvin, sounded like the voice of Satan: with the tremulous pertinacity of a son of Rome, he had constantly refused even to hear their doctrines discussed, and now that he apprehended Kara Aziek might be bewitched by their sophistry, he gave himself up to temporary despair.

This transport of zeal aggravated his impatience for the hour which should restore her to him, and made him quicken the preparations of that part of the Persian army which he was destined to command in conjunction with a native officer.

On the night preceding the march of these new levies, Sebastian was surprised by an extraordinary visit. His courteous host had given up to him a Kiosk in the gardens, which he occupied solely, and slept in, without guard or attendants.

The tranquil beauty of a fine night detained him long from rest; he leaned over an open trellis (through which the most luxuriant honeysuckles and jessamine had

interlaced themselves,) alternately admiring the universal blush caused by the thickets of roses, and the splendor of the Kiosk, whose alabaster sides reflected the brighter moonlight.

Nightingales answering each other from different distances, some near, some remote, blending their liquid notes together in sweet confusion, now pausing, now proceeding, diffused enchantment over the scene. Those melodious sobbings which seem the overflowings of love too exquisite, too happy,—those melodious sobbings were echoed by the sighs of Sebastian: his country, his friend Gaspar, his beloved Aziek, seemed speaking in every note; he felt them present to his heart, though absent from his sight, and the most passionate melancholy, an emotion at once painful and delicious, penetrated his whole being.

In this state of abstraction, the steps of two persons advancing to the Kiosk were long unheard; at length the rustling of

some shrubs through which they pressed, made the King look towards the spot, and he beheld with some surprize a female figure, and one in male attire, whose dress bespoke him a servant. The lady motioned for the slave to remain without, and entered the saloon.

Of what "fantastic stuff," are the thoughts of a lover formed! Sebastian lived only for Aziek, and without conceiving how she could have come thither, he believed that it was her whom he now saw: he rose, rushed towards her, and extending his arms to snatch her to him, found himself modestly repulsed.

"I am mistaken in you, Christian!" said an unknown voice, "or you mistake me for another: doubtless there are many in the court of Persia who forget your religion and your country in your accomplishments; but learn that I am not one of those."

Sebastian drew respectfully back: reassured by this submission, the lady sat

down on one of the divans, and still concealing herself in her veil, addressed him again.

“I come not here, Sir Knight! with either the hope or the wish of charming you; my errand is of another kind. I come to ask a boon.—Attracted by your seeming nobleness and gentleness, (for I have seen you at the court festivities) convinced of your worthiness from your friendship with Prince Abbas,” (here the lady faltered and sighed, then added faintly,) “I venture to believe you will not deny me what I would solicit.”

“Say not solicit, Madam!” replied Sebastian courteously, “a virtuous woman commands everywhere. Speak your will and see me eager to obey it.”

The Persian lady moved her veil a little that she might read his looks; in doing so she discovered a milk-white forehead, finely pencilled with jet-black eyebrows; the eyes beneath them were brilliant, noble, and pleasing, but they wanted the melting

softness of Kara Aziek's: she fixed them an instant on Sebastian with a complacent smile, tears gathered in them, and then she closed her veil abruptly.

"I must first inform you," she said in a low trembling voice, "that in me you see Maimuna, the daughter of one of the Sophi's bravest generals: six moons since my father fell on the field of battle. I alone remain to keep his name in remembrance,—what do I say? his renown is his monument.—Amongst my household there is an orphan youth, (the child of a favorite relation) whose heart is smit with a passion for arms; he wishes to serve against the Turks:—his years are so tender, my regard for him is so great,—yet his desire is so ardent, that,"—again Maimuna faltered, hesitated, and stopped.—

Sebastian eyed her doubtfully: it was evident that some strong emotion agitated her; yet even now nothing that she had said appeared to justify it. He approach-

ed respectfully, and regarding her with one of those kindly smiles, which ever opened to him the hearts of others, he said.

“Dismiss apprehension, fair lady! behold in me one whose breast Love has already sanctified and set apart: I am therefore incapable of yielding to any impulse which might alarm your delicacy, or teach you to conclude yourself vainly interpreted.—My faith is another’s, but my friendship and my services are at the command of every virtuous or suffering woman. This youth you speak of, is it to my care you would entrust him? or would you that I try to obtain for him some honorable station near the person of Prince Abbas?”

“O no!” exclaimed Maimuna hastily, “it is to you I would confide him for safety and instruction. To cure his fatal passion for war, I consent to let him witness one campaign; only to witness it: for this I have sought you Christian. I entreat

you to become his guardian ; trusting to your power of keeping him as far from personal danger as is possible in a scene of warfare."

Maimuna's voice was so broken and varied while she uttered these sentences, that Sebastian could not forbear suspecting her of too warm an interest in the youth she recommended ; but delicacy imposed silence, and he replied solely by promising the protection she required.

His strange visitor then rose to depart : under the portico of the Kiosk she paused again. " I need not ask you to be secret," she said, " your own thoughts, (perhaps somewhat injurious to me, and I call Heaven to witness, unjustly !) will teach you what hard constructions may be put upon my conduct."

" I hazard no conjecture that is not honorable to your tenderness and generosity ;" returned Sebastian, gallantly kissing the hem of her veil, " if this youth deserve so much rare solicitude, (and can

I doubt that he does ?) what heart may censure you ;”

Maimuna looked back at him with the air of one struck by an unexpected remark ; she repeated his last words in a livelier tone, then breaking off with a sigh, asked at what hour, Zaphna, her protégée, should join him on the morrow. Sebastian named the hour after sun-rise, and the lady departed.

The reflections occasioned by this singular adventure, were interrupted by the appearance of Prince Abbas : he came to inform the Portuguese knight of some unexpected movement of the enemy, which rendered a change in the Persian dispositions absolutely indispensable : after settling the new plan, and having dispatched his page with orders to the different officers, Prince Abbas said carelessly.

“ I disturbed you in an evil hour : if I may judge from the charming figure of the lady who had just quitted you, your

mind was not in the mood for severe considerations."

Abbas paused, but Sebastian remained silent; the former fixed his eyes somewhat austerely upon him, and added coldly, "suffer me to tell you Christian! that in Persia we are careful not to give any scandal to morals: if we cede sometimes to the force of beauty and of temperament, we believe ourselves bound not to make a boast of our frailty, and we avoid, if possible, dishonouring a noble house. I would have you take care how you trifle with the protection afforded by the roof of an ambassador."

Sebastian regarded him with quick-raised indignation. "How Prince!" he exclaimed; "do you believe me capable of abusing this protection?—beware how you lightly wound the honour of a man, to whom fortune has left no other possession."

As Sebastian spoke he smote the hilt of his sword, while starting from his seat

Prince Abbas drew back with an air of self-recollection.

“ Let us not break our bond of friendship for a woman !” he said, “ for one who may not deserve such a triumph : rather let us deal frankly with each other. I will confess that the tone in which I first spoke of your gallantry, had the harshness of a censor, not the kindness of a friend : austerity is the fault of my nature ; as such forgive me. Now tell me in return, whether the lady I met in the gardens, and who fled away at seeing me, has not passed the night here.—I would warn you for your own safety not to encourage an amour which may end disastrously : the lady’s mien bespoke her of high birth, and in Persia the irregularities of women of quality are punished with death. Make me your confidant ; if your love is honorable, my sympathy at least,—dare you trust me with her name ?”—

Sebastian interrupted him, “ You are

not serious Prince in expecting me to make a confidence of this kind!—do you think it possible for a man of honour to betray the weakness even of a woman he contemned?—however, be satisfied; I have no confidence of the sort to repose in you: it is true the lady was here; I may not deny it; but on the faith of a Portuguese, a soldier, and”——Sebastian hastily stopt, and confused by the word which in his fervour he was about to use, he turned away, glowing and disordered.

Prince Abbas, who saw in this embarrassment only the sign of insincerity, exclaimed with an air of angry chagrin, “ what a contemptible passion is this love! or rather, what a degrading passion when illicit, since it palsies the tongue of truth, and makes ingenuous souls tread the path of falsehood! Say no more Sir Knight! I esteem you still too much not to regret that in future I must not esteem you so highly.”

By a violent effort which respect for Abbas's principles alone produced, the impetuous Sebastian reined in his vehement feelings, and said, in the breathless tone of restrained wrath, "on the faith of a Portuguese, a soldier, and a Christian, that lady visited me to night, for the first, and I firmly believe, for the last time: she was with me only a short period; her veil was but partly put aside for a single moment during her discourse; and love had no share in it."

"Love had no share in it!" repeated Prince Abbas, stopping hastily, as he walked to and fro, "in the name of Heaven, then, what errand could bring a Persian woman at the dead of night to the solitary lodging of a stranger?"

"That is precisely the question I may not answer;" replied Sebastian, "my honour is pledged to secrecy; and having assured you that your suspicions are unjust, I exact this proof of your reliance: Prince, you must not speak of my adven-

ture.—The reputation of the lady is a sacred deposit in my hands, and that wantonly attacked, will draw down my vengeance.—Since appearances demanded them, I owed explanation and asseverations to your friendship, and I have done violence to my nature in order to give them; but in the former case my vengeance will be as prompt as it will be justifiable.”

The stern air of the young monarch heightened the effect of his commanding voice: Abbas looked at him with some admiration. “Be it so!” he cried, offering his hand, “I pledge myself for discretion; nay more, I must believe your strange assertion: but allow me, my friend, to suspect the lady of less singular ideas; she will seek you again, depend on it.—Whatever motive she may have feigned for so hazardous a step, be certain that love alone could tempt a Persian woman to trust herself and her character with a young warrior in this Kiosk at this hour.

—I have but one caution to give you: beware how you sully the purity of royal blood! I have a virgin sister who has seen you at our tournaments; should she, forsaken by modesty, forget what is due to her birth—should she be this vieled unknown—I need not talk to you of the implacable hatred of a dishonoured brother, and a betrayed friend.”

“As the lady told me her name and rank, I may at least assure you,” returned Sebastian, “that she is not your sister.”

Prince Abbas turned hastily round, and eyed Sebastian again with an earnest and anxious look: some new idea evidently shot through his mind, for he changed colour repeatedly, and several times beginning to speak, hesitated, and broke off. “It is no matter!” he said at last, “others may resemble her also—Sir Knight I thank you for your moderation: forget not what I have told you, that in Persia the dishonour of one noble house, is the dishonour of all.—Farewel! when we meet again,

two hours hence, at the head of our troops, we meet only to think, and to talk of war."

The friendly smile which for an instant dispersed the unusual gloom of Abbas's countenance, could not deceive Sebastian: when he had left him, he reflected on the events of the night with some uneasiness; it was possible that Maimuna might have misled him by a false account of herself and of her motive, and that in reality she might be the sister of Abbas. It was possible, that pleased with his person, and curious to know his character, she had either feigned this excuse to visit him, or in fact purposed to send him her page, that such a trust might form some bond between them.

The fear of either wounding the honour of Abbas, or of staining his own by an appearance of baseness, made Sebastian for the first time in his life easily accessible to the suspicion of a woman's attachment, but how was he to act?—it was

impossible for him to recede from the promises already given, which bound him to secrecy, and to receive the orphan boy.

He waited the day-break with extreme solicitude.—At the appointed time his protégée arrived; he came attended by the old slave of Maimuna, who presenting him with a costly gift from his mistress, hastily disappeared.

C H A P. III.

THE boy, who was very young and very timid, stood looking down with an air of gentleness which attracted kindness; his extreme youth immediately destroyed the suspicion which Maimuna's conversation had first raised, since a passion for him was preposterous to suppose: at this conviction Sebastian felt his embarrassment and apprehension increase, but he approached the youth, and taking his hand, said to him,

“Is it still your wish, Zaphna, to leave the security of a gentle lady's house, for the vicissitudes of a camp?—Nature stamps us all with the impress of her intentions; and *your* delicate frame has not been moulded from the clay she makes soldiers of,—let me then advise you to

read your fate better, and to desist from this wild desire."

Zaphna withdrew his hand from that of the King, and without raising his eyes from the ground, or moving his head, which was bashfully averted, he replied in a low voice, "I thought, Sir Knight, that you had promised my lady to receive me? do not injure my indulgent mistress by imagining that even your persuasions can avail, where hers have failed. I am resolved to accompany the army."

The firm tone of his last words caused Sebastian to smile: "I see you are unused to opposition;" he observed, "but my pretty friend, you must remember that to serve a rough soldier will be a very different task from that of living in the lap of a soft mistress, whom your boyish petulancies may entertain. You must expect infinite hardships and privations with me; however, count upon my affection for you, and my zeal for your lady; and when I return you to her, tell her that

for one dear, absent woman's sake, I am thus obedient to the wishes of another."

The boy blushed for his lady, as if he felt what Sebastian meant to convey ; but he spoke not ; his hands pressed on his heart, and his head bent still lower, expressed obedience.

The King then described the few duties he would require of him ; and hearing the sound of the trumpets, hastened away to join Sir Anthony Shirley, and to go with him to the field.

They rode together towards the troops ; while Zaphna took charge of his master's war-equipage and Barémel ; and seated beside them in a covered sort of carriage, made one in a long line of baggage.

Abbas and Sebastian met now with brows cleared from every cloud ; their whole souls were given to action :—they beheld with animated looks the numerous troops passing in review before them. As they filed off in divisions and began their march, the oriental magnificence of their

white vestments, their pointed caps covered with gold, their decorated arms and embroidered banners, their horses (covered with purple housings,) tossing their manes like sea-foam lifted by winds, formed a spectacle at once new and splendid.

An European warrior saw in this army little more than a gorgeous preparation for some vast tournament, where the mockery of battle is exhibited amidst pomp and gaiety: the light-robed Persians, with the irpainted quivers and gilded bows, scattered and diffused in various groups, could not excite such an emotion as the deadly sight of phalanxed men ribbed in grim iron, armed with maces and battle-axes, and steadily advancing as if by one movement and with one thought.

The King of Portugal at first saw the Persian troops with pleasure, as he would have considered a lively picture, but his reflections soon became graver, and es-

timating their feebleness, he followed their march with concern: some vain regrets also intruded; past disasters rose to remembrance; and on the boundless plain where the Persians had lately stood, his troubled fancy saw the ghost of his own gallant army.

The sudden paleness of his cheek at this mental phantom, attracted the attention of Sir Anthony Shirley, he rode up to him, and fixing his eyes on his face, said, "you appear disturbed brave friend! perhaps your noble mind conceives, that in thus beholding you entrusted with the command my pledge has obtained, I am secretly agitated, and fear that I may have gone too far: not so, I know that my honour, my safety, nay my life, hang upon your fidelity to the Sophi, and it is from that reason I confidently expect fidelity at your hands."

"You might risk your salvation on me, after this! exclaimed Sebastian, ardently grasping Shirley's hand in both his, and

squeezing it within them, "Generous Englishman! did a man meditate treachery, such heroic reliance would damn him or make him true!—Yes!" he added, after a pause, "I will save Persia, or lose myself! your nobleness renders the recovery of her I love, but a secondary object."

In the bright suffusion that spread over Sebastian's elevated countenance, in the enthusiasm of his voice, Shirley read the worth he sought to ascertain: a slighter but less pleasing glow, (for it was the blush of shame,) tinted *his* face; his reliance had been transiently staggered, and the speech Sebastian had understood literally, was meant delicately to convey a renewed exhortation.

Shirley had lived, alas! too long in courts, not to be justified in this apprehensiveness. Struck with amiable remorse, he was going to draw a valuable gem from his finger and proffer it to the Christian Knight, as a type of friendship, when he was checked by perceiving no ring

on his hand which he might give him in exchange : awed by that sensitive delicacy which had appeared in all the stranger's actions, Shirley relinquished the intention.

Tefza's parting gift had enabled the King to preserve himself independent of every pecuniary obligation ; and though he accepted a lodging from the hospitality of Sir Anthony, that gentleman's domestics had tasted liberally of his bounty : no one indeed served him without being recompensed beyond the value of their services.

Never could Sebastian forget that he was a King : happily fortune had not yet reminded him that even a monarch must shape his largesses to his means. In the quality of a commander it was necessary for him to use the Sophi's treasures, but it was only for the purposes of that situation, and for public service, that he destined to employ them ; his own fund was, or he

determined it should be, sufficient for his own personal wants.

By the new plan of the night, the two generals, instead of marching forward together, as if the whole army meant to attack the Basha, deemed it best to wave the use of a faint intended merely to mislead; for time pressed, and the able conduct of their enemy required a counterpoise in promptitude.

The troops divided on the field, and their commanders exchanged adieus: they were on the point of separating, when Prince Abbas said in a low voice, and with a troubled air which he tried to render gay, "There are some bright eyes in Ispahan at this moment dim with tears for you I conjecture."

Sebastian smiled, shook his head, then bowing to Sir Anthony Shirley, rode up to head his division.

It was not till after the troops had attained their place of destination by rapid

marches, and that Sebastian had reconnoitred the ground and made the requisite dispositions, that he sent for Zaphna into his tent at night to converse with him, and give repose to his mind by recitations of Persian poetry.

The King was lying along a matrass when the boy entered. As only a single light burned in the tent, he could not distinctly observe his lineaments, but he was charmed with the beautiful simplicity of his figure, with which a Persian dress of delicate-coloured silk delightfully harmonized: a turban of the same taffeta heightened the graceful air of his head and throat, which still averted, and a little inclined, indicated a timid and gentle temper.

“Come hither, Zaphna,” he said, in a tender accent, for the boy’s age and figure reminded him of young Diego: “come hither! you must not look thus apprehensive. In me you see a master who will indulge you in every thing, except what

would make your lady unhappy—cheer up—tell me how you have travelled? if you have had all your little wants attended to? is there any wish of yours that I can gratify.”

Zaphna, thanked him, and expressing himself perfectly content, continued still to stand at a distance.

“Why do you not come nearer?” asked Sebastian as he kindly held out his hand, while saying this, the bashful youth was obliged to approach and give him his: Sebastian felt that it trembled. “Ah my little friend he gaily exclaimed, this hand was never formed to draw the warrior’s bow.”

For the first time, Zaphna hastily turned round and fixed a disturbed look upon his master; the glance of his eyes caused the King to start up. “I have met that glance before!” he was just going to exclaim, but checking himself, he let the hand of his page drop, and continued gazing on him.

A face finely-composed, whiter than

ivory, unmixed with any shade, except that formed by the arch of two jet-black brows, now remained motionless before him: Sebastian eagerly perused it, with a mixture of admiration, regret, and alarm. After a long silence he took his determination, and said with a serious air.

“ Perhaps you are surprized, Zaphna, that I do not question you about your mistress, and try to discover some circumstance flattering to my vanity, but I must teach you your master. He would willingly walk for ever in the path of sincerity himself, and therefore he makes it a rule to believe the same of every other person: Your fair lady told me her name and rank, she assured me that in seeking my protection for you, she was doing it for your sake alone, I shall therefore religiously confide on this assurance. Let me, however, take one painful precaution, which is this, to tell you a conversation that passed between me and the Prince of Persia, on the night of the lady

Maimuna's visit; perhaps it may be of consequence for her to know."

The colours of the rose now diffused themselves even to the ivory forehead of Zaphna: the name of Abbas evidently caused this alteration. Faltering and confused, he repeated, "The Prince of Persia!—what then, Sir Knight, have you *no* reserves from your friend? my lady thought not so, when she confided her reputation and perhaps her life in your honour. Ah me! unhappy wretch that I am,—my mad resolution!"—tears gushed from his eyes as he broke off, and he concealed his face in his drapery.

Again the opinion of Sebastian varied, and requiring the boy to calm himself, he succinctly related the interview between him and Prince Abbas: By this detail Zaphna learned that Abbas in reality knew nothing that could endanger the character or safety of his protectress, and this conviction quieted him: the honourable frankness of Sebastian heightened

his esteem for the master he served, and wiping his tears, he said firmly, "I may not answer any question implied by this recital, but I venture to protest Sir Knight, that my lady is incapable of giving warrant to the Prince of Persia's suspicions. A chaste woman believes herself safe everywhere, and she ventured therefore to visit a young warrior alone, in the dead of night. Think better of her than Prince Abbas does."--Here Zaphna's firmness forsook him, and he broke off with a deep sigh.

There was something in the boy's manner which perplexed Sebastian: this alternate appearance of timidity and of courage, this extreme sensibility to the cause of his mistress, nay more, the visible trouble excited in him by the name of Abbas, forced him to recur again to that suspicion which his friend had infused: he almost believed that he beheld in Zaphna the young Princess of Persia herself.

At this idea, did “no thought infirm alter his cheek?”—did no throb of vanity or passion transiently disorder the movement of that heart, which ought never to have beaten but for Kara Aziek?—not one!—all the sensibilities of his age and nature glowed solely for her; in her was summed up to him everything that is tender, trusting, faithful, and delightful: he needed not the aid of principle to assist him in remaining true to one who loved him so devotedly.—The constancy and intensity of her love, had sealed his for eternity.

“We will dismiss this subject;” said he, after a long and serious pause, “Suffice it that you tell your lady what we have discoursed on, lest any mischance should happen from the Prince’s rigorous attention to Persian customs: I would have nothing to reproach myself with. The Prince and I are now separated by our different duties; we command in different provinces; perhaps we may never meet

again; one or both of us may fall in battle: should it be my fate, I charge you preserve his esteem to my memory."

This sad image excited such excessive emotion in Zaphna, that pale, trembling, and tearful, he spoke almost without consciousness, faltering out, "The Prince does not join you then—one of you may fall!—your injunction shall be obeyed—but O never may"—the incoherent sentence was lost in sighs.

Grieved to have thus pained him, Sebastian indulgently bade him retire, Zaphna prest his hands on his bosom and disappeared.

Satisfied with having acted sincerely, although still troubled with suspicions of Zaphna's sex, Sebastian wrested his thoughts from this comparatively inconsiderable subject, and fixed them solely on the important plan of the campaign.—The morning sun awoke him to activity and to care.

As the war-council had discovered Ibra-

him's army to be advancing towards the capital, it was Prince Abbas's task to meet and to give them battle, while the Christian knight was to cut off their retreat, by possessing himself of all the forts and passes on the line of Armenia. This distribution evidently awarded to Abbas the most brilliant, and at the same time the least difficult duty; but Sebastian, who considered their two commands with a soldier's judgment, thought himself distinguished by the grant of the most hazardous.

During the short period of his abode at Ispahan, he had devoted himself not to the vain attempt of altering the manœuvres of the troops committed to him, but to a deep consideration of how he could best employ a machine so ill-constructed: he now reaped the benefit of such reflections; and found that in the hands of an able commander, bravery and docility are nearly all-sufficient.

Behold him now, attacking, storming,

carrying sword in hand every strong hold of the Turks ; sometimes marching under the insufferable noon day sun, or in the darkness of a stormy night, to surprize and to overcome the enemy ! see him pass with the velocity of a sweeping wind, from one extremity of the frontier to another, restoring wandering outcasts to their houses, rescuing children and women from dishonour and slavery, followed everywhere by rejoicing and benedictions !

But wherever he went, his heart sought only Aziek : these quick-gathered laurels filled his grasp with worthless leaves, while she was unattained. His interrogatories to the Turkish prisoners were productive of no satisfaction ; they were all ignorant whether she had or had not reached Syria.

This uncertainty, though it had not power to detach his mind during the day from his momentous duties, dominated over him at that season when others tasted the refreshing sweets of repose : on his

pillow he thought but of her. Zaphna alone shared his confidence, for Zaphna had now banished some of his timidity, and by the kindest attentions won on his master's heart.

Sebastian had long ceased to fancy that the Princess of Persia shared his fatigues disguised: how could the mere sight of any man have excited such a mad passion as that which should lead a Persian Princess into the situation of Zaphna? and would not her disappearance have spread dismay through the kingdom long ere this? doubtless Maimuna was really what she appeared, she had spoken truth, and the boy's resemblance to her was the natural consequence of relationship.

While Sebastian discoursed of his love, and lightly touched on the sufferings which had given birth to, and nursed it, his youthful confident shed tears, and seemed to feel but too faithful a sympathy with his feelings: was it possible for one so young to have felt the master passion?

it might be so: perhaps his longing after war, was only the desire of banishing from his mind some cherished image: this fancy increased Sebastian's partiality, and half their nights were spent together in melancholy discourse.

At this period the news of Prince Abbas's defeat fell like a thunderbolt on the victorious camp of Sebastian: a courier brought the intelligence in the middle of the night; he was charged with this billet from the Prince himself.

"I have lost a battle—the enemy will be at the gates of Ispahan perhaps ere you receive this.—Come brave stranger and retrieve my errors."

Tears of admiration and regret started in the eyes of Sebastian while he ran over this noble submission of a great soul: doubly roused to save Persia, he threw the silk on which the letter was written to Zaphna, while he hastily mentioned its purport, and bade him prepare for immediate departure.

The dreadful danger which menaced the capital, in which probably was involved the safety of the person he loved, took so powerful an effect upon the delicate boy, that unable to speak, he motioned for his master not to follow him, and tottering to the door of their tent, hastened to get air.

After some minutes' absence, he returned with his eyes swollen, but his manner less agitated: "I have dear friends in Ispahan, you know Sir, he said timidly, I tremble for them—O let us hasten thither."

"You cannot support the fatigue of advancing as I shall do, replied his master, I must be at Ispahan ere sun set to-morrow, compose yourself—you shall follow me as safely and as swiftly as possible. My poor boy! I would not have you the prize of Ibrahim."

The King stopped not for a more particular farewell, he did not even wait for Zaphna's answer, but hurried out to rouse his soldiers, to issue orders, to draw sup-

plies from the different garrisons, and to march for Ispahan.

On the road he encountered several fugitives from the broken army of Abbas : from them he learned that Abbas had thrown himself into the capital with a handful of men, and that doubtless ere this he must have surrendered to the Basha.

At a short distance from the capital Sebastian ordered his troops to halt, in a situation which concealed them from the view of the town ; he then dispatched scouts to gain information : their return confirmed his fears ; Ispahan was taken ; the city was filled with Turks and Syrians, and a division of their army lay encamped on the plain to the eastward.

A moment decided him, he divided his force into two unequal parts ; with the smaller he hoped to deceive the enemy into giving him battle, while with the other, and at the same time, he attacked the

town itself. Every thing would depend on the courage and steadiness of his comparatively small band.

Having detailed his plan to the officers, and when stamped by their concurrence, explained it to his men, he made them a short exhortation: with the strong motive of fighting for their houses, their liberties, rights, and dearest connexions; he mingled so warm an eulogium upon the Prince, and painted the anguish of his brave heart in such lively colours, that all the soldiers, as if animated by one soul, exclaimed, "they would efface his misfortune or die!"

"On then, my gallant friends!" exclaimed the transported Sebastian, waving his bright sword and pointing to Ispahan. "On then, for God and your Prince!"

May we doubt that such honourable enthusiasm prevailed? no; credulous of the stratagem employed, Ibrahim sent orders to his encamped army to give the Persians battle. It was late in the evening when

the two parties encountered; the Persian general had instructions to fight Parthian-like, retreating at every stroke, thus drawing his adversary by quick degrees from Ispahan. Meanwhile Sebastian waited impatiently under cover of the mountain behind the city, for the hour of darkness: every one in the town went to repose, except only a few Turkish sentinels; everything was still; the clashing of the contending troops came no longer from the distant echoes. A shadowy moon favoured stratagem: by its uncertain light some thickets of myrtles (then covered with white blossoms) among which his men were planted, appeared like so many more divisions of phalanxed soldiers.

Again he divided his force, and attacked at the same instant two quarters of the city: the walls were scaled, the gates forced, the streets crowded with exulting Persians; the noise of tumult, of hope, of fury, of victory! resounded through

all the squares : Sebastian was everywhere ; like some warring angel sent to succour a cause favoured by Heaven, he was seen in every quarter of Ispahan.

The Turks, half asleep, and scarcely-roused from the stupefaction of opium, ran about in aimless confusion : from one of these, whom he had taken prisoner, Sebastian learned the destiny of the Prince ; at that moment the Basha's person might have been secured, but it was possible that while securing him Abbas might be sacrificed. Sebastian hesitated scarce a moment, selfish wishes were subdued, he flew to his friend, and had the delight of restoring him to liberty : they hastily embraced.

“ Go Prince,” exclaimed Sebastian, interrupting his thanks, “ shew yourself to the people—the sight of you will repay them for all their fatigues,” so saying, they separated.

Abbas flew to head a party of Persians that were yet disputing the gate of the

palace, Sebastian hastened out of the city to recall the pursuing part of the army, lest success might carry them too far.

Ibrahim with a remnant of followers had succeeded in gaining that division of his force which followed the retreating part of Sebastian's; his troops now outnumbered those they pursued, but ignorant of the strength in Ispahan, he made no other use of this advantage than that of effecting his retreat to a pass where he encamped himself strongly.

To attempt forcing his camp would have been to risk the superiority already gained; the Persians were exhausted by a rapid march and incessant fighting; Sebastian therefore called them back, and re-entered the town, where they were re-joined before day-break by the other division, which having left Ibrahim entrenching himself amongst the mountains, had wheeled round through a defile, and trod back their steps.

The knight of the cross had now ful-

filled his vow to Sir Anthony Shirley, he had saved Persia: nay more, while there remained a chance of victory inclining to the adversary, he had done violence to his heart's wish of seeking for Kara Aziek.

The contest over, he ran to the palace, the late quarter of the Basha: almost assured of finding her he sought, he hastily interrogated the guards to learn if the Turkish women had been respected; he was answered that there were no foreign women in the city; none had accompanied the Basha's army.

Struck and afflicted, Sebastian was some moments ere he could reply, or interrogate anew, different soldiers and Syrian prisoners: one of the latter assured him that there were women in the Basha's camp near Bagdad, and that he knew a Moorish lady had arrived there. At this intelligence the hopes of Sebastian revived; "I will speak with that man again;" he said to the Persian who had interpreted between them, "see that you bring him

to me when I require him," the appearance of Prince Abbas interrupted his speech.

In expressive silence the Prince took and squeezed his hand, and held it to his heart; his silence was even more eloquent than his countenance: that semblance of coldness which was natural to him, or rather, was the effect of a violent repression of violent sensibility, gave way before the magnitude of his obligations to Sebastian.

"You have indeed retrieved my error!" he said at last, "you have saved my father and the kingdom; you have preserved me from dying of grief and shame! what is the recompence we are to give you?—the only valuable recompence in our power you have already wrested from us by a noble force—you have won our eternal gratitude and admiration.—Is there any thing else in Persia we may offer?—command it."—

"One thing more;" replied Sebastian,

sweetly smiling," I would have the Persians respect Christians for my sake:—should such ever fall into their hands or settle amongst them, I pray you bid them remember that it was a Christian Knight who loved their Prince, and combatted in their defence."

"And is that all?" exclaimed Abbas, pleasure sparkling in his fine countenance—"have those bright eyes I warned you against, taught your heart no tenderer desire?—were you to claim the rarest beauty in Ispahan, nay even my sister Zelide, it is not the friend whose life, liberty, and honour you have saved, that dare deny the boon."

"Be under no apprehension Prince," replied Sebastian, "the image of one, amiable as lovely, has long sealed both my heart and eyes against other impressions: no Persian lady can efface it."

The smile with which Sebastian concluded, was reflected by one from the young Persian, he then led the way to the

state apartments, where the Sophi and Sir Anthony Shirley waited to greet their deliverer.

A glow of modest pleasure sat on the face of Sebastian as he bent to the repeated thanks and eulogiums of Shirley: enfeebled by age and emotion, the Sophi wept like a child, while he embraced his son; after which he unclasped from his throat a massy collar of diamonds, and essayed to fasten it round that of Sebastian: but his shaking hands refused to obey his will, and Abbas hastened to supply his place.

There was something so sacred in the feelings of an old man and a father, that the King of Portugal would not pain them by refusing this magnificent offering; he suffered Abbas to clasp the collar, then full of her who alone agitated his secret thoughts, proposed to the Sophi, that after the repose of a night, the troops should make a vigorous assault upon the camp of the Basha, and terminate the war at once,

by crushing the whole Turkish force in Persia.

Timid from misfortune, the Sophi adopted this counsel only in part: he insisted on the necessity of his soldiers having a longer period to recruit their strength, lest the Basha, re-inforced by a body of reserve, which it was believed he had stationed behind him in the country of Armenia, should prove eventually too strong for their diminished numbers.

To the plausibility of this argument Sebastian opposed every reason which could be judiciously urged in support of the adverse opinion; the Sophi was absolute; and Prince Abbas, brave as a lion, but without a genius for war, inclined to his father's judgment, Sebastian bowed gravely, and resigned himself to the decision.

Abbas now eyed his friend with the unsteady and disturbed look of a man who fears the effect of what he is going to say; his cheeks by turns crimsoned and grew

pale: at length coming close to Sebastian, he said in a low embarrassed voice, "imagine yourself in my place, what would be your desire at this moment?"

Sebastian turned round and looked at him earnestly; "I comprehend you Prince!" he said, turning pale also, "you would have me resign my command;—you would strike this last and most important blow yourself.—I cannot blame such laudable ambition—I honour it—but I fear—that is—the soldiers used to my method of"—he stopt in extreme confusion, and pained to bitterness; no selfish avarice of distinction or power, mixed with the dread of a second misfortune to Abbas; he saw the limits of his friend's military capacity, and he trembled at once for Kara Aziek and for Persia.

His resolution however was taken; he determined to speak frankly to Abbas on his evident inexperience, and then represent to him the fatal consequences which must ensue, should the Persians be

routed. "Retire with me into this anti-chamber," he said softly; the Prince followed him in silent dissatisfaction.

There, an explanation ensued, and though Sebastian failed of dissuading Abbas from his rash resolution, he had the consolation of observing that this obstinacy grew out of nobleness; no envy discovered itself; nothing but the laudable, though ill-judged longing for an opportunity of regaining what he thought he had forfeited, a title to the throne and people which he had shewn himself unable to protect.

Fearful of appearing to prize command for its own sake, Sebastian had nothing left but to request permission to serve as a volunteer under his friend, this request was granted; the compact was ratified by the Sophi, and again vainly combated by Sir Anthony Shirley, after which the warrior friends issued from the palace, that they might inspect the arsenals, concert measures together, and provide as far as possible against future disaster.

These employments detained Sebastian till after day break, when he sought his Kiosk in the garden of the ambassador: he now met his page for the first time since their late parting; the boy had but just arrived, and learnt the news of the royal family's safety, and the consequent security of Ispahan.

On seeing their deliverer, he fell at his feet, and bathing his hand with tears, as he timidly kissed it, repeated in a broken voice, "This, this for my country."—Touched by his sensibility, Sebastian raised him, and anticipating his questions, briefly detailed the incidents of the night. "You have doubtless enquired after the lady Maimuna?" he asked: Zaphna answered, that she had escaped outrage.

"Will you return to her?" said the King, "or, must I allow you to see the end of this campaign? is it your wish to join me in my expedition with the Prince?"

A thousand changing colours painted the face of Zaphna at the last expression—

he looked down, but answered firmly "It is." —

Again Sebastian endeavoured to dissuade him, and again the youth resisted. Wearied in body and spirit, the King required repose, and charging his page to bring him in the morning the Turkish prisoner, whom he sought to interrogate, he dismissed him, and laid down to sleep.

At the hour of rising, Zaphna re-appeared with the Turk; Sebastian then learnt that the Moorish lady had been seen only once by the Basha, that he had expressed himself anxious to preserve her from the enemy, and had inclosed her, with her women, in a strong fortress among the mountains of Taurus: if she remained there still, this fellow, having once kept guard at her door, undertook to lead Sebastian thither, and to obtain his entrance.

At this proposal, the imprudent lover lost every idea of personal danger: too certain that the evil genius of Abbas would

give victory to his enemy, and that consequently the loss of Kara Aziek would follow the loss of Persia, he believed there was no longer time to hesitate; he must endeavour to save her, since no longer permitted to save the country. Again, therefore, he must use the aid of artifice: O hateful necessity! to which so many upright souls are forcibly made to bend!—

After a few moments of deep thought, he accepted the offer of Jusuf (the Turkish soldier,) it was settled that they should go privately out of the city together at night, where two trusty Italian servants whom Sir Anthony Shirley had transferred to his service, were to be in waiting, with horses and arms: these men were to accompany them to the fortress, and concealing themselves amongst the hills, wait at a certain point of rendezvous for the return of Sebastian with his prize.

To gain admittance into the tower, it would be only needful to state that Sebas-

tian was a messenger from the foreign knight, who disgusted with some affront given him by Prince Abbas, was willing to revenge himself, by betraying the Sophi and the city he was left to guard: that to avoid the suspicion which would ensue, did he go to the Basha's camp, towards which Abbas was marching, he had chosen this plan of sending an emissary to the Basha's wife, requiring her promise in Ibrahim's name of acquiescence with the demands of the foreigner.

In state matters alone, the Turks sometimes relaxed their strict rules with respect to women; it was more than probable therefore, that in this instance, tempted by the signal advantage held out, of ending the war by a decisive blow, they would fall into the snare: once admitted, Jusuf undertook from his knowledge of the place, and by a path down the height on which the fortress was situated, to secure the flight of the lovers.

A door opened from the women's apart-

ments upon this very path, which being a fissure overhung by extremely thick shrubs, and terminating in a wood, might be depended on for concealing their course; could they once gain the horses, their retreat would be certain.

Sebastian did not hesitate to embrace this plausible plan: the countenance of Jusuf bore the stamp of integrity; and compassion for the Moorish lady, (whose unceasing sighs he had often heard during the whole night of his watch at her door,) appeared to have infused into him an unfeigned zeal for her service. Trusting to his sincerity, Sebastian gave him some gold, and promising him a richer reward hereafter, left him in the Kiosk.

The enthusiasm inspired by Sebastian's late intrepid and able conduct, and still more by the sweet graciousness of his manner, did not allow the two Italians to debate a moment about risking themselves for his sake, and for that of the ladies he wished to succour: they promised to meet

him in a grove of plane trees, behind the city, at the hour of twilight.

It was not Sebastian's intention to encumber himself with his page, and to avoid the boy's importunity he resolved not to speak to him of the enterprize until they were beyond the city walls; there he should disclose his intention, and leave him in charge to reveal the motive of his apparent flight to Sir Anthony Shirley, should fate destine him to perish or be detained in the fortress.

Desperate indeed was the throw he was about to hazard: every thing rested on the faith of one man who might betray and ruin him; but if, withheld by caution, he should let this perilous opportunity escape, Kara Aziek might be lost to him for ever; once possessed by the Basha, death only would offer her refuge.—This thought determined him.

Having arranged his own dearest concern, he hastened to visit such parts of the city as required particular attention to

their defence: he examined, instructed, superintended, directed a thousand details in the fortification; he repeated the most important orders again and again, that Ispahan might not feel his absence should he not return ere the departure of Prince Abbas: he then returned to his Kiosk, warned by the sun, whose softening light was already sinking behind clouds.

CHAP. IV.

SEBASTIAN had scarce entered, when Prince Abbas appeared; he came to inform him that, having received intelligence by a deserter from the enemy, of a new movement of the Basha, which it was important for him to frustrate, he should revert to his friend's advice, and march at night-fall.

At this intelligence, Sebastian's complexion suddenly altered: "why does your colour change?" asked Abbas, with surprise.

"The information troubles me," replied his friend, "for I do not feel qualified to march so soon—I am not myself yet—indisposed—disturbed I know not how in my mind."

“You do not forgive me, I fear,” returned Abbas, “for selfishly checking you in the career of glory;—knight, you wrong me, if you do not honour my motive; if you do not believe that I lament the necessity which forces me to attempt that, which your abler arm need only extend itself to seize.—Let me but redeem my fame, or lose a worthless, slighted life, a life that has now no charms,—since”——the Prince broke off abruptly, smothered a succession of sorrowful sighs, and turning aside his face, moved some steps away.

Sebastian guessed ill at his emotion, when concluding it to arise solely from a warrior’s disappointment, he warmly replied, “What fantastic stain does my Prince attach to himself? valour, judgment, numbers, what are they in war, but uncertain and deceiving things? victory after all is in the hand of Heaven; and when a commander has faithfully employed every faculty of his soul for the

success of his army, he may stand acquitted not only to his conscience, but to his countrymen.—Go, however, brave Abbas, I envy not the laurels you are about to gather: your feelings *are* respected by one who has felt the pang of deserved self-reproach. It was my sad destiny to lose a memorable battle, to cause the deaths of thousands by a mixture of credulity and obstinacy. Yes!" Sebastian added, fixing his eyes upon the symbol of the cross he wore on his shield, "for the blood that flowed in torrents on that fatal day, I have no hope of pardon but from the sacred blood that was shed here."

A ray of consolation shone on the face of Abbas at this avowal of the invincible stranger; "You must detail this disastrous story when we meet again," he said, "now I must hasten away—believing that you were to accompany me, I have confided the care of Ispahan to Peri Nadir.—I see by your looks that a night's repose is

absolutely needful to you—join me when you are refreshed.”

Sebastian smiled assent: he looked at his friend, irresolute whether he should not confide to him the project for the night; but an instant's reflection decided him to remain silent. Abbas might not see the necessity for such haste, and if so, Sebastian could not urge his weightiest reason, which was founded on an apprehension of the Prince's failure; believing it imprudent to risk opposition, he exchanged a cordial embrace with him, and they parted.

As Abbas passed the portico of the Kiosk, he encountered Sebastian's page: the boy slowly ascending the entrance steps, with his head bent down, saw not the Prince, who struck by his air and figure suddenly stopped: finding his way obstructed, Zaphna raised his eyes;—those eyes—that ivory throat—that complexion untinted by the faintest red, threw Abbas's senses into tumults,—did he, or did he not

see before him the woman for whom his soul languished?

The eagerness and astonishment of his countenance as he hastily bent forward and attempted to catch the arm of Zaphna, alarmed the object of his scrutiny; Zaphna's heart died within him, he was on the point of sinking to the earth with grief and shame, when desperately rousing himself, he sprung past the Prince and gained the hall of the Kiosk.

Abbas's first impulse was to follow; but recalling his scattered senses, and resolving not to accuse Sebastian till convinced beyond all sophistry to disprove, he tore himself from the scene, and ran with a madman's haste to the abode of Maimuna.

He questioned her slaves and her women—he insisted upon being admitted to her presence—of conversing with her, at least a moment, from her window; he was told that Maimuna was sick and she could see no one. At this information Abbas's

jealous suspicion increased to madness; he commanded her favorite maid to be left alone with him, and giving the reins to his natural violence of character, enjoined her to say on her life whether her mistress were not with the foreign knight, disguised as a boy.

His high authority, his imperious tone, and above all, the fear of his vengeance, terrified the poor servant, she fell at his feet, confessing the truth of his supposition; but of her mistress's motives for such imprudent conduct she was totally ignorant.

At this confirmation of his worst apprehension, fully as he had expected to receive it, Abbas lost all consciousness, and for a moment his limbs failed under him: it was but a moment of weakness; the anguish of a virtuous passion blighted in its fondest hope, yielded to the phrenzy of resentment: again the burning blood rushed to his cheek, again lightning darted from his eyes, and thunder spoke in his voice.

“Stir not hence on your peril!” he exclaimed, “I go to unmask that hypocrite who has betrayed Maimuna; guilty as she is, I will save her if possible.”

He broke away as he concluded, and taking the road to the Kiosk, was arrested by a woman meanly attired, who bending the knee to him, intreated him to listen to her for an instant—“I cannot stay, woman!—another time—carry your petition to the Sophi,—another time!”

The petitioner laid hold of his robe—“For the love of Ispahan, hear me great Prince!—I have something strange to tell—treason and that foreign knight.”

At these words Abbas was spell-bound—“What of that pernicious wretch!” he exclaimed incautiously. The tone in which he spoke encouraged the woman, and beckoning to a grove of trees that surrounded a fountain, he followed her there impatiently.

The short detail he then listened to set the seal to Sebastian’s fate. This woman, the wife of one of Sir Anthony Shirley’s

Italians, had been weakly entrusted by her husband with their projected enterprise: terrified for her husband's safety, which so hazardous a plan endangered, she took the resolution of disclosing all to Prince Abbas.

Half-detailed by the Italian, therefore imperfectly re-delivered by her, the story presented only a confused account of Sebastian's intention to fly that night to a fortress of the Basha's, and that love for some lady had occasioned him to take the step: occupied solely with the image of Maimuna, Abbas filled up the dark sketch as his distracted imagination prompted; he interrogated the woman afresh, and she with a weakness common to informers who are not complete in their information, answered as she saw most consonant with the train of his suspicions.

The Prince believed himself now in possession of a clue to his late friend's sudden wish of absenting himself from the army; love and mortified ambition had

then sapped his virtues or displayed their hollowness; he considered him with horror and with hatred: disgrace, public shame, and an ignominious death, were the images which quickly rose to appease his furious passions.

Abbas had no doubt, but that acquainted with all his military plans, Sebastian meant to deliver him into the hands of the Basha; his whole conduct therefore must have been a tissue of falsehood from the commencement, and doubtless the throne or government of Persia, was to be the price of his successful treachery.—In order to make vengeance secure, he believed it right to let the traitor enter upon his base project.

Having stood ruminating awhile, he gave the woman his purse, and bidding her follow him, hastened to the palace.

The surprize of the Sophi exceeded that of his son; his indignation could not pass beyond that of Abbas: an order was immediately issued for several persons to

watch the movements of Sebastian, and when he was fairly entered on his plan, and out of the city with his companions, to seize them all and cast them into a dungeon until the return of Prince Abbas.

Forced by duty, Abbas was now obliged to join his troops and commence his march: but his heart in tumults, his brain almost maddened by rage, disappointed love, betrayed friendship, made him ill able to conduct the army of Persia.

Meanwhile Sebastian's soul respiring only the tenderest and most generous emotions, was anxiously waiting the signal for joining his associates: if his thoughts wandered from Aziek, they left her sweet image only to seek the throne of Almighty Power and Almighty Goodness; they did not leave her, since it was for her he prayed.

Night now had cast her sudden shadow over the city of Ispahan: armed with

authority, and permitted to go whither he would, and at whatever hour, the Christian knight called his page, and accompanied by the Turkish soldier, (with whom he appeared conversing about the resources of Ibrahim) he traversed the streets, and passing one of the remotest gates, quickly joined his Italians, who with four stout horses waited at a short distance among some trees.

It was then that Sebastian, who had hitherto preserved a thoughtful silence, which the agitated Zaphna did not appear inclined to break, turned towards him, and giving him a written paper, which the boy took and put into his breast, began to inform him of his destination: at this juncture a band of armed men, headed by an officer of Prince Abbas's, rushed from behind a thicket, and sprung on the astonished party.

Seized before he could be aware of their approach, and ignorant of his crime, Sebastian knew it would be fruitless to at-

tempt resistance; his calm undaunted air awed his captors; he listened with amazement to their accusation of perfidy; but perceiving the force of appearances, he simply requested to be taken either to the Sophi or to the English Ambassador.

Neither of these requests were granted; he was hurried back to Ispahan, brought to the state-prison, and there thrust into its vilest cell. Zaphna, whose senses had forsaken him at these terrible words—"the Prince of Persia denounces you as a traitor," was also confined in a dungeon, and left there to weep the consequence of a fatal abandonment of woman's law.

All these events passed with so much circumspection, secrecy, and promptitude, that not even Sir Anthony Shirley heard the news till the next day at noon: transfixed with horror, scarcely crediting his senses, and incapable of lightly attributing such unexampled baseness to the noble Portuguese, feeling too that not only his

own honour was implicated, but the interest of his sovereign endangered by her ambassador's indiscreet confidence, he lost no time in seeking an audience of the Sophi.

The aged monarch's faculties had received a stimulus from these extraordinary circumstances, and he spoke with as much discrimination as vehemence, while he refused to permit an interview between Shirley and the foreigner, until the return of Prince Abbas.

Overwhelmed with regret and trouble, Sir Anthony retired, still wandering in a maze of contradictory fears, conjectures, and hopes.

Meanwhile Sebastian remained in his dungeon the prey of agonizing thoughts: his guards had informed him that he was accused of intending to betray the Persians; that his guilt was proved by the evidence of the Italians, who confessed that they were employed to attend him to the Basha's fortress; and that the pretence of going to release a favorite lady, was rendered ab-

surd by the circumstance of his being detected in carrying off a Persian woman. That crime alone deserved death, more especially since this woman was now known to be the object of Prince Abbas's concealed attachment.

At this detail Sebastian gave himself up for lost: innocent as he was, circumstances had fatally conspired to give an air of falsehood to his conduct, and from whatever motive Maimuna had sought his protection, it was evident his life must pay the forfeit of her indiscretion. Not for himself, he alternately supplicated Heaven's assistance, or wildly bewailed its hard decree; it was for Kara Aziek that he raved, for her who only lived in the fond hope of obtaining liberty and happiness from his hands.

One ray of consolatory expectation beamed on him; it proceeded from a knowledge of Abbas's naturally noble character: perhaps even outraged love might not be powerful enough to harden so upright a heart against the impression

of truth. If Sebastian were frankly to relate the story of his attachment, Abbas might eventually discover, that the friend in whom he had confided, had neither betrayed his mistress nor his King.

This expectation was soon destroyed: the first day closed, the second night was already far advanced, when tumultuous sounds were heard in the streets of Ispahan; confusion, consternation, sorrow, evidently reigned throughout the capital; murmurs and lamentations reached even to the dungeon of Sebastian: half-starting from the ground on which he was lying, he listened to catch some articulate sound, nothing was distinct; all was hurry and distress.

Divining part of the truth, his agitation became intolerable: Abbas, most likely, had been again defeated.—Mighty God! and Sebastian's avenging arm was chained down by iron bolts! at this thought, the groan that burst from his great heart shook the walls of his cell: he pulled, he tugged his heavy chain; he

essayed to tear up the ponderous staple by which it was rivetted to the stone pavement. Vain were all his efforts; again the noise increased—it approached—it was in the prison!

At the echo of several hasty steps passing his door, he demanded loudly what had happened? for awhile no one attended to him; at length a person answered sternly, “the Prince is taken, the Sophi is dead—the people call aloud for your head!” the man moved away as he spoke, leaving Sebastian transfixed with an emotion to which no name could be given: it might be hope, it might be despair; Sebastian himself knew not which it was.

While yet motionless, he heard his name repeated vehemently without, and re-echoed through all the passages of the vaults; a moment after, the door of his cell flew open.

Prepared to meet instant death, the brave and unfortunate King roused himself to breast the torrent of popular fury; his whole soul was collected in

his eyes, as he drew back like one who stations himself, and directed a steady look towards his murderers.

A croud rushed in; amongst these, he beheld Sir Anthony Shirley, and the still-disguised Maimuna: sinking at his feet, while some soldiers knocked off his fetters, she exclaimed, "you are free! hasten to rescue the Prince!"

The dream-like amazement of Sebastian suspended utterance; he looked round on the persons who filled the cell with an air which asked explanation; Sir Anthony Shirley with less agitation but equal haste briefly replied, that the paper found on Zaphna, added to her voluntary confession, and the testimony of him who had acted as interpreter between him and the Turkish prisoner, had cleared his reputation; that the people no longer doubted his fidelity, but trusted to him for succour in this their time of extremity.

Prince Abbas had been taken by a stratagem, with all his principal officers, and overcome with such news, the aged Sophi

had expired of grief: the soldiers now called for their former general, and so far from thirsting for his blood, they swore not to unsheath a sword unless at his command.

On the wings of the wind, with a heart triumphing in the hope of again rescuing his friend, Sebastian broke through the crowd, and joined the diminished troops; a sword caught from the hand of a guard flamed in his grasp; his eyes communicated electric fire to every desponding individual: with one voice they hailed their war-genius, and marshalling around him, called on him to lead them to victory.

This spontaneous acquittal touched him sensibly: these people then, were better judges of his character than the man who believed himself his friend; but these people compared his actions without prejudice, and Abbas was blinded by jealousy.

Did Sebastian meditate what is called a

noble revenge, when he traversed with the velocity of light, the tract of country which divided him from Abbas? no; his heart was only eager to prove its own integrity and to save his friend.

Animated by his example, the troops respired confidence and conquest: they ran rather than marched; and in a few hours came up with the Basha, who, evading the remnant of Abbas's army, had made a skilful turn, and leaving a small force to amuse and keep them in check, was advancing rapidly upon Ispahan.

Inequality of numbers was now an atom; where everything must be lost, where everything is not risked, there remains no alternative. Sebastian drew up his little army in an advantageous position, which from the nature of the ground, rendered the enemy's cavalry useless, and blocked out part of his infantry; there he offered, and he gave battle.

Who may doubt the success of loyalty and enthusiasm? Sebastian poured the tide

of battle at will: his troops repulsed those of the Basha; attacked in their turn, broke through the thick squadrons, dispersed, drove, pursued, routed them!

The Basha himself fell by the hand of a Persian soldier: at this event the Turks and Syrians laid down their arms and terminated the contest.

Sebastian flew to their camp; he enquired for the Prince of Persia and was shewn a tent strictly guarded, where the soldiers delivered up their swords and led him in. Seated on the ground in a posture of sullen despair, he beheld Abbas; the Prince raised his eyes, the lightning that flashed from them announced his error: "what, traitor? escaped?" he started up as he spoke, and would have rushed upon his deliverer, but Sebastian wrested his arm, exclaiming in a voice that made itself obeyed, "hold Prince! there are some things which not even a friend may pardon:—*I am your friend still.*"

At this instant the tent was crouded with Persian officers and soldiers ; some fell at their beloved monarch's feet, some pressed forward to kiss his hand, while all expressed, in confused sentences, admiration of Sebastian. Abbas eagerly inquired the meaning of these eulogiums.

His royal father's chief equerry, who had been present during the strange avowal of Maimuna, hastened to inform him, that one of the officers who had assisted in seizing the Christian, recollected a paper which, had been found on the page, and which though directed to Sir Anthony Shirley, he carried to the Sophi: this paper contained Sebastian's narrative to the ambassador of his intended enterprize, and its motives. The Sophi astonished and bewildered sent for Shirley, and by his advice caused the man to be sought for, who had interpreted between the knight and the Turk; this man's evidence was in strict conformity with the contents of the letter: nothing remained

but to elucidate the mystery of Sebastian's female page.

Maimuna was sent for ; it was then, that wild with despair at having caused so much horror, the trembling girl sunk on her knees, and confessed that a hopeless passion for the Prince had prompted her to assume a disguise, and seek the protection of one with whom she thought herself assured of seeing Abbas : she protested that her wishes had not gone beyond that of ever being near him, and perhaps of succouring him if wounded. His apparent unobservance of her, (for how often does love thus painfully blind us to what we wish to see !) had persuaded her that she might be seen by him under any form without being recognized ; since however he had discovered her, since it was Abbas who deemed her guilty of an unpardonable crime, she was willing to expiate her fault, and end her grief with her life.

This extraordinary recital was accom-

panied by an emotion too powerful for art to assume ; her tears and blushes while she spoke of Prince Abbas, bore conviction to the Sophi, who pitying so excessive a passion, and moved by the memory of her dead father's services, granted her forgiveness, and commanded all mention of her disguise to cease amongst his attendants.

The other companions of Sebastian having been separately re-examined, continued to bear the same testimony to the fidelity of their master—they were therefore honourably discharged, and the Sophi was just about to charge the impatient Shirley with an order for his gallant friend's release, when a messenger arrived with the news of Prince Abbas's capture.

At the first words spoken by this indiscreet person, the aged Sophi fell into the arms of an attendant, deprived of sense : he breathed again, but he spoke no more ; his eyes were for awhile raised with an-

guish to Heaven, then weighed down by the hand of death, closed for ever !

When the officer who narrated these events came to this part of his recital, the young Sophi uttered a cry, and throwing himself on the earth, covered his head with his mantle ; no one ventured to disturb his grief :—the tears of a virtuous son for a tender parent are precious in the sight of men and angels.

After awhile he raised himself with a serious but desolated air, and looked wishfully round for his friend ; but he saw him not. Sebastian had disappeared the moment his own justification began ; he had gone in search of Kara Aziek.

Trembling at every question he put to the Turks and Syrians, lest their answers should inflict a deadly wound, he hurried from tent to tent : at length one of the Basha's officers confirmed the account given by Jusuf, and assured Sebastian that the Moorish lady with her attendants were still in the fortress of Ebhn Sait.—There

was yet another question to ask, and again the lover's heart died within him; the inquiry rose to his lips, and fell back.

After some efforts he was able to ask whether the Basha's marriage had yet been solemnized?—"No—the Moorish lady had at first pleaded the rights of mourning; then followed the death of an European woman who accompanied her; and that event, united to the warlike anxieties which forcibly engrossed the Basha, had delayed his happiness; since that period she had suddenly proclaimed herself a Christian, and swore to die rather than unite her soul with that of an infidel.

What became of Sebastian at this information?—a pang of joy (for it was joy even to agony,) seized his passionate and pious heart; he caught the arm of the man who spoke, and closing his eyes, exclaimed in a suffocated voice, "stop—stop—I can bear no more!"

A few moments recovered him; he

moved his hand from the Mussulman's arm, and rushing away, to a solitary spot, prostrated himself before that Saviour whose divine mission Aziek had at length acknowledged.

He wept in the fullness of virtuous satisfaction: her conversion, her safety, his late perilous situation, the triumph of his arms, the rescue of Abbas, those tumultuous changes of his fate from disgrace to exultation, from despair to transport, changes which had hurried and exhausted his soul—all flowed in these relieving tears. It might be said that this was the most delicious moment of Sebastian's life.

Having indulged his emotion, he arose, and returned to find Prince Abbas: they met seeking each other.—Abbas abashed at sight of a man to whom he owed so much, and whom he had used so violently, stopped, drew back, and averting his head with a look of shame, timidly stretched out his arms: the generous Sebastian

sprung forward and strained him to his breast; that embrace supplied the place of speech.

They remained silent for some time; at length preventing the faltering voice of the young Sophi, Sebastian exclaimed, "we part here, my friend, for awhile—you doubtless hasten to re-animate Ispahan—I fly to secure her, without whom I am nothing.—When thou seest her Abbas!—thou wilt confess—but no—it is her soul thou shouldst see, to make a love like mine lose its seeming madness."

The Sophi answered by ordering his troops to follow at the command of Sebastian; he would not pain his noble friend by obstinately recurring to those thanks he wished to wave, but he grasped his hand while speaking, with an agitation of eye and limb, which left no doubt of his gratitude. The army then arranged themselves in the order of march, with their prisoners and their spoil, and headed by their new sovereign, took the road to Ispahan.

Sebastian selected a small band in case of resistance, and crossed the country to the fortress of Ebhn Sait.

As he ascended the steep heights leading to this interesting place, his heart alternately rushed forward and receded: how much did he still fear! for how much he loved!

The oriental architecture of the building, and the romantic scenery amongst which it stood, rendered its appearance rather beautiful than threatening: a few pieces of Turkish ordnance mounted the walls; these however were deserted; and as Sebastian approached, he beheld the gates open and the courts unguarded.—His hopes withered at once; he halted an instant, then recovering himself, gave some brief orders in case of being allured by a stratagem; he then led part of his troops into the interior.

No one was visible; they penetrated the passages and the chambers; all were abandoned.—Struck with grief and dismay

Sebastian pronounced in a sorrowful tone the name of Kara Aziek; that well-known voice was answered by a cry of joy: a door hitherto unseen, flew open, and the object of all his hopes and fears springing from a couch on which she had been sleeping, flew towards him, and threw herself into his arms.

His animated air, the dress of the soldiers by whom he was surrounded, the very manner with which he held and embraced her, assured her that he came as a conqueror and a deliverer: her spirit had been long racked with various alarms; the dreadful scenes of war, and the more terrifying contests with the Basha's rude passion, had completely subdued her, and she was no longer mistress of herself when she felt freedom and happiness on the breast of him she loved.

Her joy took the character of delirium: she wept, and smiled, and sobbed; repeated the same unconnected words again and again; held Sebastian with wild strength,

and gazed at him with such a fixed yet troubled look, as a person might be supposed to give, who feared to behold another vanish into air.

This strange transport, perhaps mixed a salutary alloy with that of Sebastian; he trembled for her delicately-constructed frame, and far from giving loose to his own feelings, was only assiduous to soften, and gently control hers.

By degrees her joy lost its fearfulness and its tumult, and settled into delightful certainty: she ceased to speak; but she remained leaning on the shoulder of her hero; at intervals raising his hand to her lips with an expression of happiness and gratitude in her eyes, as she lifted them towards heaven.

With what fulness of delight, with what tenderness, did Sebastian sit contemplating her, as their hearts only spoke to each other! The information of the Basha's officer had taken away every sentiment of regret or self-blame at indulging an attach-

ment which his bigotted tenets sometimes led him to condemn: it was now, that he felt privileged to pour his whole soul into hers,—to mix, to unite, to confound them indeed for ever.

While his arms encircled her, he thought no more of camps or of courts, of the world and its vain pageants; nay, he ceased to think of the beauteous body which enclosed the spirit he loved: he felt that spirit only, and believed that an eternity of such sweet and pure emotions as the present, would be an eternity of beatitude.

The Persian soldiers now re-entered, impatient for permission to sack the fortress and to return home; Sebastian roused himself, and moving with many a lingering look from Kara Aziek, hurried over the building to discover whether any Turks were concealed.—It was evident that these people had precipitately abandoned it on the news of their general's defeat, (without caring for the women,

whom they left as completely ignorant of their flight, as of the motive which prompted it) and had fled homewards.

Having ascertained their absence, and booty, Sebastian prepared litters for his beloved and her women, which they joyfully entered, and borne by soldiers, set forward on their way to the capital.

CHAP. V.

IT was night when the triumphant band entered Ispahan: they found the streets and the gardens illuminated; every place was crowded with people rending the air with acclamations, in which the names of the new Sophi and his victorious friend were joined.

Sebastian's heart throbbed with virtuous exultation: it was to him this populous city was indebted for her deliverance and for her monarch!—His steps were now impeded by frequent parties of the citizens forcibly stopping him to crown his head with garlands, and to bless him for their freedom: it was with difficulty he could reach the house of Sir Anthony Shirley, where he assisted Kara Aziek to

quit her litter, and led her into the apartments of the ambassador.

Shirley welcomed back his guest with open arms, Sebastian returned his embrace, and thanking him for the justice he had rendered to his principles, presented the fair proof of his truth.

When the lovely Moor threw back her veil to answer the courteous salutation of the Englishman, a modest glow animated her softly-speaking eyes, but those eyes floated in tears, for the sight of Sir Anthony Shirley brought back the memory of his countrywoman whom death had so lately torn away. She spoke, she moved, and the grave statesman delighted with the melody of her voice, and the grace and symmetry of her shape, forgot that the hue of the olive was spread over those exquisite limbs.

Sweet to the lover is the tributary admiration paid to the object of his adoration! Sebastian read Shirley's approval in his looks, and eager to display the

still lovelier part of his Aziek, won her into discourse.

Their theme was the story of Aziek's friend; of her last illness, her resignation, her saint-like piety, her death!—regret and affection made Kara Aziek eloquent, and both her auditors hung on her accents with intent pleasure. As she described the important scenes that had passed between her and this superior woman, each listened attentively: Kara Aziek was describing the progress of her own conversion. Sebastian was only attentive to discover whether she really had deserted the standard of the false prophet; Shirley anxiously hoped to hear that she had become a convert to the new doctrine of Luther.

Both were satisfied;—Aziek was a Christian and a Lutheran: the death-bed of Amelia had sealed her arguments.

“What a noble soul! what a rare judgment!” exclaimed Sir Anthony, inwardly: “She has acknowledged Jesus!”

said Sebastian to himself, "that is the first step—and I should be satisfied with it. The false creed of this Englishwoman will soon be displaced by our sublime mysteries: my Aziek's mind is capable of being darkened by the prejudice of affection, but affection also may enlighten it again."

With this soothing thought he yielded to his joy, and expressed it rapturously: the entrance of the Sophi, whom not even his august dignity could restrain from hastening to his preserver, interrupted the conversation.

A blush of graceful shame again painted Abbas's features: restored to dominion and to happiness, he could no longer deny himself the gratification of confessing his faults, expressing his gratitude, and intreating forgiveness. "Jealous love," he concluded, "is stronger than friendship: I saw Maimuna with you, I believed you a seducer and a dissembler; for I would not believe the woman I worshipped afar off like some sacred star,

whom I trembled to address till I could lay such laurels at her feet as her father had been accustomed to gather—I could not believe this woman capable of following into a camp the man who either slighted or was ignorant of her passion. How could the timid mind of the most timid of lovers divine, that it was to be near *him* she entered the service of another? swept away by a tempest of fury, I forgot those virtues, those benefits”—

Sebastian interrupted this speech by a warm embrace; he conjured his friend to bury all thought of the past, and presenting to him Kara Aziek, (who had modestly retired, but now re-appeared at her hero's voice) he requested an apartment for her in the palace of the Princess of Persia.

Overjoyed to have anything in his power to grant, Abbas immediately ordered the royal litter, and had the Moorish lady conveyed to his sister's residence.

There Kara Aziek beheld herself once more in the society of women, whose minds and hearts somewhat resembled her own: the interesting Maimuna, and her young likeness Princess Zelide, by turns soothed and amused her. Maimuna discoursed of Sebastian; (for she loved, and she knew therefore the theme that would be most delightful) Zelide alternately painted the late horrors, and the smiling prospects of futurity, and with her April-like discourse, gave wings to the passing hours.

While these new associates reposed on their divans, the Christian knight and the Sophi unwillingly left them for consultation on state affairs. The new monarch sought the advice of a friend, whose opinions he received as oracles, and considered like inspiration he knew not the complicated machine of government, which had once been moved by that powerful hand!

Having decided on means for con-

cluding the war with the campaign, and forcing the enemy into restitution, they discussed several abuses in the Persian state, which only peace could enable the Sophi to reform: much salutary change was suggested by Sebastian, and eagerly embraced by Abbas, whose heart, nobly superior to his genius, required but the sight of a benevolent scheme, to welcome and to employ it.

Prompted by gratitude and affection he now offered his friend the choice of any rank or station throughout Persia, with the exercise of his own religion, and the extraordinary permission of protecting Christians, and building for them a place of worship: he drew a seducing picture of their social happiness when united to the women they loved, forming one family of affection.

Sebastian grieved that he must destroy this agreeable illusion: nothing could exceed the distress of Abbas, when he heard that the friend by whose great

qualities he intended henceforth to model his own character, was drawn by some strong though secret tie, to another quarter of the globe.

Sebastian had requested an escort for himself and Kara Aziek to the port of Cairo, from whence he meant to transport themselves to some maritime town of Italy, whence they might embark in one of those vessels which carried on a contraband trade with Brazil. Arguments were in vain to combat a resolution which duty commanded him to keep inviolate: Sebastian believed himself called on to seek the recovery of those rights, with which Providence had originally invested him; and drawn by a more powerful, because more grateful friendship for Gaspar, than that which Abbas excited, reined in with difficulty an expression of his impatience to be gone.

Finding persuasions and intreaties equally useless, and convinced by the strong emotion of his deliverer, that no

common motive impelled his conduct, the Sophi yielded to necessity and promised him the escort,—while reluctantly pronouncing this promise, he tried to console himself by thinking that some little time must be allowed for the preparation of suitable marks of the Persian empire's esteem and regret: the nuptials too of its sovereign ought to be graced by his friend's appearance; and if that friend meant to make Kara Aziek his own by the forms of the Christian church, he must delay yet longer. The hope of thus detaining him awhile, revived the Sophi, and dismissing his saddened looks, he prepared to enjoy present happiness while it lasted.

From this period Good Fortune might be said to place her throne at Ispahan. The Turks were driven out of Syria and forced to sue for peace, which Abbas insured to his people, by granting on liberal terms to the humbled enemy: success and cheerful obedience followed the acts of his new government; his marriage was so-

lemnized with every demonstration of joy by his subjects: and the nuptials of Sebastian, though performed almost secretly in the chapel of the ambassador, were so far from displeasing the Persians, that they celebrated them with acclamations of pleasure.

Alone and unconnected, far from her country, and voluntarily abandoning it for ever, Kara Aziek saw in the husband to whom she gave herself, her world, and her felicity! It was sweet to her tender heart to find no object share it with him! Wanted she other affection? O no!—was it not sufficient to concentrate upon one being, every sentiment which weakens by diffusion?

When Sebastian received her into his arms as the ambassador's chaplain closed the book of prayer, when he held her against his heart that throbbed with the conviction of their eternal union, what a sacred joy stilled all those tumultuous feel-

ings with which he had counted the moments, and hurried on the ceremony !

The same soft and delightful emotion gently agitated each ; they spoke but in sighs, and with their tears. Eloquent silence ! needed ye a tongue ?

Sebastian would not delay his departure ; he hastened its preparations, and at length reached the moment he wished.

Loaded with presents of treasure and costly attire, with which the magnificent court of Persia endeavoured to express its gratitude, and which Sebastian in vain attempted to refuse, the Christian knight and his bride prepared to quit a country they could not hope to see again. Kara Aziek had transferred all her women except one, to the Princess of Persia ; and Sebastian retained only the faithful Barémel as his attendant to the new world.

The escort appointed to attend the travellers was more than sufficient for security ; but the Sophi willed it should

distinguish his preserver by its magnificence.

The palace resounded with lamentation when their last embraces were exchanged, the Sophi rent his garments, and threw himself on the ground in a passion of grief; he remained there without raising his head; till the sound of his friend's departing steps no longer reached him; he then arose, and shut himself into a solitary chamber, where not even his beloved Maimuna ventured to disturb his sorrow.

Equally moved, but long disciplined in self-controul, the King of Portugal concealed as sad a heart under a calmer aspect; his gentle Aziek wept uninterruptedly. In the hall of the palace they met Sir Anthony Shirley, whom they were going to seek: his adieus were less agitating, but as impressive as those of Abbas.

“ You go, brave Portuguese !” he said, and I dare not ask whither: what destiny

may that be which authorizes so much mystery; are the friends your virtue acquires to remain for ever in this ignorance?—I ask not where you go, but I would ask if you believe we shall ever meet again?"

"I hope it—nay I believe it," replied Sebastian, brightening into animation, "you will hear of me in Europe some day; and I charge you by our friendship, to recal at that period what I owe to you now.—To you, I owe my present happiness; to you, I owe what I may have regained then: was it not to your generous reliance on my integrity that I am indebted for having acquired the power to benefit Persia?—Forget not the Knight of the Cross—forget not those lineaments by which you may remember him: the hour may come when these lineaments will present themselves to your eye under a very different garb, and when the wandering adventurer may give you a signal proof of his gratitude.—Farewel!"

As he spoke, he exchanged rings with Shirley, who, cheered by this assurance, yet bewildered by the conjectures to which it led, embraced him in silence, and kissed the hand of Kara Aziek.

The travellers then mounted the commodious carriage which had been constructed for them by order of the Sophi, and attended by a troop of horsemen and loaded camels, departed from Ispahan.

CHAP. VI.

LET me pass lightly over the period in which the King of Portugal and his Aziek journeyed from Ispahan to Cairo. They embarked there in a vessel bound for Venice; sojourned at Venice only till they procured a passage in a ship going to India; the captain of which engaged to stop at Massignan, where Brazil-traders usually watered, and where he might then transfer his passengers according to their wishes.

As the Venetian bark sailed between the shores of Spain and of Africa, and leaving the smiling waves of the Mediterranean, entered upon the stern Atlantic, emotions of awe, of apprehension, of gratitude, springing from the memory of former

days, grew upon the hearts of Sebastian and Kara Aziek.

After so many vicissitudes, so many anxieties, they were united inseparably ;

“ The world was all before them where to chuse

“ Their place of rest ; and Providence their guide !”

Buried in profound thought, they sat together with their eyes fixed on the two coasts that recalled such various remembrances. Kara Aziek gazed on Africa, thinking of her father and Abensallah : Sebastian regarded the Spanish shore, gradually turning his reflections from remote events to such as had been lately detailed to him at Venice.—He had learned there several important facts, upon which he now ruminated in serious silence.

Since his departure from Portugal, and after sojourning in Persia, much change had taken place. Cardinal Henry was dead, the succession to his throne had been hotly contested by a croud of pretenders : Don Antonio was proclaimed by one party, Philip II. by another ; the streets

of Lisbon had been filled with assassination and tumults; her prisons alternately thronged with the adherents of the Braganzas and the d'Aveyros. Finally Spain prevailed: Antonio had escaped with difficulty beyond sea, thrown himself on the protection of England, embarked in a vain expedition, lost all hope again, and was now wandering through France, mocking poverty with the title of King, which his rank and vicious conduct rendered but a seal of infamy.

Seated on his throne of Spain, Philip made the neck of Portugal his footstool: she felt her new sovereign only by the weight of his tyranny: her nobles were torn from her, her court filled with the greedy followers of a Castilian Regent; her treasures were wasted into Spanish ports, and her halls of justice transported to the capital of her oppressor.—Crushed with accumulating burthens, her people lost their strength to resist; and terrified by the bloody vengeance which Philip

took on them for yielding to the delusion of two impostors who had successively started up proclaiming themselves Don Sebastian, they thought no more of their rights; they crouched under his iron sceptre, appearing to believe themselves fortunate if but permitted to breathe.

With her towns garrisoned by foreign troops, her arms wrested from her grasp her treasury rifled, her fleet dismantled, what could wretched Portugal do but sit sullenly in her chains, desperate of relief? Could the hand of one man, even though the hand of her lawful King, hope to break those bonds? The thought was madness.

Sebastian saw that to follow his heart's impulse, and fly immediately to the succour of his subjects, would be only to offer himself up an useless victim; he would be only exciting fresh blood to flow, fresh horrors to arise: unless acknowledged and assisted by other powers, and that at some critical moment of Span-

ish weakness, he could not expect to regain or to restore his people to liberty. There was no path for him but that he was now in: he must seek the advice of Don Emanuel De Castro, and try through him the temper of his trans-atlantic subjects.

The bitterness of his regret for having originally caused all this suffering to Portugal, was like the anguish of a father who beholds his only son plunged into crime and misery through his own faulty indulgence.

Sebastian's heart might be said to weep blood, while he enumerated the enormities of Philip, and the wrongs of the Portuguese: the gloom of his looks saddened Kara Aziek, and when tenderly inquiring his thoughts, she learnt their painful nature, it cost her some effort to conquer her sympathy, and exert herself to argue away his excess of self-reproach.

By gentle degrees she changed the current of his reflections, though they turned

into one not so smooth as the hand of wedded love would willingly have made it.

Sebastian had frequently conversed with his wife on the subject of her new religion; but in the hurry of land-travelling, those conversations had been short and unsatisfactory: sufficient however to shew the afflicted husband that the wife of his bosom nourished what he believed a fatal system of error, denounced by the church, and abhorred of God.

It was in the leisure of a long voyage that he hoped to eradicate these pernicious doctrines.

Having fortunately encountered a Brazil-trader at Massignan and procured a passage in her to St. Salvador, he began now to make the attempt: Kara Aziek met his scrutiny with frankness and confidence. All other opinions she would have hoped and wished to find yield to his sounder reasoning; but over this im-

portant point, the weakness of fond woman dared not usurp any influence.

In converting her friend from Mahometanism to Christianity, Emilia had gone back to the source whence alone man can expect to draw pure doctrine: she had taught her from the sacred book itself, such as it appears to an attentive, inquiring, and docile mind:—She had stripped herself of every prejudice, even in favor of the great Reformer to whom so many souls stand indebted for an example of mental courage; and perhaps in dictating the creed which she thus formed out of the commands of our Lord, and the exhortations of his apostles, she taught a purer religion than Luther himself.

Emilia had then compared this scriptural Christianity with the monstrous system of Popery: how simple, how beautiful, how divine, was the one! how complicated, how contradictory, how merely human, the other!

Kara Aziek found her hesitation and doubts vanish with the fantastic mysteries which had given them birth: her spirit prostrated itself with tears of joy, of love, of adoration, at the feet of the meek and spotless Jesus! she acknowledged her Redeemer and her divine Master, in him who spoke to the understanding as well as to the heart; and building her faith upon examination and conviction, she built it upon a rock.

The readiness with which she met inquiry, and the attention she gave to argument, at first inspirited Sebastian, but he soon found that to some of her interrogatories he was unable to reply, and that several of her observations startled his own faith.

Shocked, alarmed, afflicted, his soul recoiled from the sight of that precipice, to which he believed himself on the point of being hurried: he precipitately abandoned his enterprize, and for some days

their conversation flowed solely upon other subjects.

Vain was the attempt to banish from his mind the remembrance of those remarks which troubled him; as vain the hope of being content to see Aziek's soul divided from his own. Tormenting apprehensions for her, or doubts for himself, by turns distracted him, poisoning the sweet hours of love and of confidence.

Irresolute, fearful, virtuously fearful of sinning by presumption, he trembled to proceed in an investigation, which threatened the destruction of his long-nursed superstitions; but at length a naturally courageous mind shook off its fetters, and decided him to go on.

The first advantage was gained by Aziek; Sebastian allowed the fairness of taking scripture for a guide: when he granted this to her reasoning, he knew not to what important concessions it would lead. From the instant he abandoned the popish

strong hold of traditionary doctrine, Kara Aziek triumphed.

With the sacred volume in her hand, and every faculty roused to comprehend and to explain its dubious passages, she continued to subdue one by one all the errors of Sebastian: the mists of prejudice, the denser fog of superstition, gradually cleared away before her bright and steady reason: conviction waited on judgment, and the amazed zealot found himself at last walking in broad day, regarding with astonishment those monstrous chimeras, which rolling afar off, disappeared like dark clouds at the uprise of the sun.

Behold him then a convert to truth!—elevated to the noble consciousness of worshipping the living God with a willing heart and a free mind; exercising the powers of that mind in the delightful and purifying act of meditation on the divine nature; no longer agitated by a dread of meditating too much or too closely!

Far from damping the ardour of his piety, this change in some of his opinions

served but to encrease it. Satisfaction exists but with conviction, and to be satisfied with any principle is to love it. Sebastian felt affection animate him in his new religion, and formerly only a vehement sense of duty had impelled his actions; he could not love what he dared not examine and trembled to understand; but he would have devoted himself and half the world to death in obedience to its commands, because he believed blind subinission necessary to salvation: now Judgment and Will went together.

If it were precious to feel this honorable freedom of soul, this sentiment of self-respect, which so far from rendering Christians presumptuous, exalts their notions of that august Being who will not accept brute worship from man, but invites him to study and to love his creator, how sweet was it to live in complete sympathy with the heart of Kara Aziek! how sweet to look upon her as the source of this inestimable blessing.

Their days, unbroken by a single disso-

nant sentiment, now flowed on in one soft stream of tender and tranquil enjoyment: occupied with each other, elevated from earth by their recent studies, they forgot the past and thought not of the future; for awhile the present only, filled and satisfied their souls.

But soon the land of Brazil rising from the vast Atlantic, called back emotions of friendship and solicitude; Sebastian's heart rushed towards Gaspar. Kara Aziek with feminine eagerness anticipated the beautiful novelties of this unknown country; and an agreeable distraction followed the former concentration of their thoughts.

As their ship approached the new world, its majestic appearance roused Sebastian into admiration: the magnificence of its coasts, the towering and brilliant verdure which crowned them; the gigantic scale of its rivers and forests, the purity of its atmosphere, and the stately elevation of St. Salvador, towards which

they steered, stirred his spirit and kindled some kingly exultation.

This wide and glorious land was his—this glowing Paradise, which appeared created for the residence of Gods! While he contemplated it, a proud glow mantled his cheek: Kara Aziek noted the flush, and divined its meaning: she laid her hand gently upon his arm as he stood looking from the deck upon the city. “With love, friendship, and competency, in that enchanting region, shall we not be happy my Sebastian? Shall we not *rest?*”

Sebastian turned his softened eyes on her with a look of tender regret: “Would I had been born for thee only Aziek;—rest, alas! is not for a man whom sacred duties bind to action; I belong to my suffering people. But we *shall* rest, sweetest! (he added soothingly, seeing tears gather on her cheek) we *shall* rest at least awhile.

Only an eloquent smile replied to him;

for now the vessel entered the harbour of St. Salvador, and cast anchor amongst a wood of masts.

All was bustle and happy animation: the different voyagers hastened to taste the pleasure of touching land and breathing the air of trees and flowers. Sebastian conducted his Aziek and her attendant from the boat to the quay; there he heard Portuguese tongues and saw Portuguese faces: his heart yearned towards them. True to early impressions, his first emotion at the sight of Monks and Convents, was an emotion of religious gladness, he had to recollect that with their pageantry he had done for ever. As he passed along, the grandeur of the city (then the capital of Brazil) filled him with admiration, and while he contemplated its massy edifices, he believed that he beheld the seat of his new empire.

Having inquired the name of the viceroy, and learned that De Castro still held that powerful station, he led Aziek into

a house provided for travellers, where persuading her to repose herself on a couch, he wrote to the viceroy: his letter contained these words.

“ TO DON EMANUEL DE CASTRO,

“ It is your King and your friend, Don Emanuel, who confides himself to your honour; he comes to seek his country in Brazil: he reposes his safety on your loyalty,—confident that neither the remembrance of past injustice, nor the temptation to present revenge, can sway a generous soul from its duty. Come hither privily, come and counsel your fugitive prince.”

The interval which passed between the dispatch of this billet, and the arrival of Don Emanuel's reply, was one of great anxiety: Sebastian thought less of his own reception than of Gaspar, of whom he hoped to hear from De Castro. To see, to embrace that lowly but precious friend,

to demonstrate the constancy of his attachment, became the most lively wish of his heart.

In a short time a letter was brought from the governor: an habitual expectation of customary observances, made the proud monarch start when he saw this paper.—What!—did De Castro also cease to consider him a King!—should he not have hastened to evince his unabated respect, by personally answering to his sovereign's confidence?—Sebastian felt, that between a complete abandonment of him, and that deeper devotedness which generous pity inspires, there could be no medium:—he execrated his own hasty reliance, and believing that it had betrayed him, he opened the suspected billet.

How quickly did its contents dissipate this rash pre-judgment! they were as follows:—

LETTER.

“SIRE!

“The first impulse of my heart is to fly to my sovereign's feet, there to entreat

him to dispose of myself and of all that is mine, but an important consideration checks me: it is this.—The creatures of Philip surround us even here; if it were known that I, the representative of that monarch, visited an unknown stranger, suspicion would follow, and the august person of my King might be endangered.

I restrain, therefore, my impatience—I do violence to my duty and my affection—I venture to risk his Majesty's displeasure, by supplicating him to accompany the bearer of this to my residence: his loyalty, attested by months of zealous attention in Africa.”—

Sebastian dropt the letter at this sentence, and springing to the door with a flush of joy, called out—“where, where is my friend?”

Gaspar was not far distant: he ran forward, and would have thrown himself at the feet of his King, but Sebastian prevented him by falling on his neck. What a sacred moment was that which re-united

two friends so variously endeared, and so long separated!—their hearts were big with past events; they could not speak, but remained strained in each other's arms, without attempting to express any part of their feelings.

This silence was first broken by Sebastian: "Come, come Gaspar!" he said, catching his hand and leading him towards an interior room—"here is another joy for thee."

At sight of Kara Aziek whom the tumultuous sounds of their meeting had roused, Gaspar stood a moment, as if collecting his scattered and delightfully-amazed senses, then rushing forward, he cast himself at her feet;

"What do I see?" he exclaimed, "dearest lady! am I to believe that the virgin has heard my prayers, and united two hearts equally noble—equally gifted, to bless—to attach—O joy too, too much!"

Love and happiness replied in the thrilling look which Kara Aziek directed towards Sebastian, and then turned upon

Gaspar; her eloquent eyes ever seemed to render speech useless: Gaspar understood their language; his transport redoubled, and as he alternately kissed the hands of two persons dearer to him than life, he forgot that the world was not at his disposal, and that the master he adored, might yet have to wander from clime to clime a fugitive and a beggar.

Some moments were now given to mutual inquiries and mutual details: various emotions of sorrow, indignation, commiseration, and gratitude, were called forth by these recitals.

After much suffering, Gaspar had reached Brazil, and was now in the service of Don Emanuel.

When he heard of Philip's usurpation over Portugal, De Castro would have immediately refused obeying his commands, had not the arrival of Gaspar, and the hope he held out of Don Sebastian's appearance at Brazil, determined him to retain the vice-royalty, since it might

enable him hereafter to restore his legitimate sovereign. Time, however, wore away, and Sebastian appeared not; the expectations of Don Emanuel and of Gaspar gradually died:—each of them in secret believed him dead, or still captive among the Moors; and just at the period of his arrival, they had entirely abandoned all hope of beholding their King at St. Salvador.

During this time of anxiety, De Castro had never ceased interrogating his Portuguese correspondents upon the events of their country, and it was from one of these he learnt what afforded him some ray of hope.

It was reported throughout Lisbon that the lady Gonsalva had beheld and conversed with Don Sebastian in the palace of Xabregas: she refused to repeat the nature of their interview, but asserted the fact with the most startling obstinacy.—Strict search had been made upon this information, by Antonio of Crato, but as

it proved unsuccessful, the people believed she had seen his spirit; and by degrees the same horrible idea took possession of her own mind.

Terror and perpetual alarm now pursued her wherever she went; alone or in society, in the arms of her guilty lover, or by the cradles of her children, maddened imagination would suddenly conjure up his phantom—armed, not with mortal weapon, but with looks that seemed empowered to damn her.

At these instants, her hasty shriek struck others with the same panic that convulsed herself: by degrees her friends and her attendants deserted her;—Antonio unwillingly remained, ashamed of abandoning the wretch he had made. But at length even he fled her abode; then terminated the fate of Gonsalva: that phrenzy which had hitherto shewn itself only at intervals, now seized on her wholly, and living in one fearful paroxysm, she was left to rave out her life in the cell of

a convent where a charitable sisterhood devoted themselves to assuage this last, worst calamity of human nature.

Too enlightened for belief in the monstrous notion of Don Sebastian's *spiritual* re-appearance in a *tangible body* (for Gon-salva acknowledged having grasped his garments and his hand,) De Castro felt confident that his royal master had really appeared in Lisbon; but of the fate that had befallen him, he dared not think: it was too probable that he had fallen a victim to his uncle or to his cousin.

By suspecting the former, Don Emanuel was guilty of injustice: the aged King had been at that period scarcely more than a cypher; he was governed by a ministry (the creatures of Philip,) who kept from his knowledge every rumour of his nephew's existence, prevented any subject of whatever rank from addressing him save through their medium, and finally dismissed Don Emanuel to Brazil, and allured Gaspar to prison, without

disclosing to the half-childish monarch their motives for either action.

All that Gaspar knew of these events he briefly detailed, ere he indulged his own private feelings by inquiring the situation of his orphan sisters: Sebastian's donation to them gave peace to his fraternal anxiety.

Not unmoved did the King of Portugal hear the awful catastrophe of Donna Gon-salva; his agitation however, did not appear outwardly in all its force, for horror and amazement locked up the usual expressions of pity, and it was only by the fitful variation of his complexion, and the nervous startings of his body, that Kara Aziek's heart felt the pangs which wrung his:—she saw that he struggled to hide his suffering from her observation.

Tenderly solicitous to divest him of the apprehension which made him thus dissemble, she approached behind his chair, and bending over him, rested her lips upon his forehead, then pressing his hand, whispered softly,

“ I should not love thee, if thou didst not pity her.”

Sebastian wrapt his arms round Aziek without speaking ; and his heart, thus permitted by her to lament one, whom he had formerly idolized, opened itself to a moment of weakness.—Till now, an ocean of time seemed to have flowed between those days, and these present ; one instant swept this away, and blended the two periods together : Sebastian saw Gonsalva again in all her beauty and apparent innocence ; again he felt the successive thrills of resentment and transport, of misery and delight, which her capricious character used to excite in him ; he remembered how he had doated,—he felt how much he now contemned !

Penetrated with a sense of the lamentable uncertainty of all human goods, and of the yet sadder change which circumstances force our hearts to make in their affections and in their wishes, he burst into tears, convulsively pressed Aziek to

his breast, then hastily relinquishing her, would have hurried away, had she not gently detained him.

Her soft eyes filled with tears and raised tenderly to his, were expressive of so much sympathy with his grief, and so much confidence in his affection, that yielding to their mute intreaty, he let his head sink again upon her bosom, where he wept unreservedly for some time: Aziek was silent also; but she wept with him, and every sigh that heaved his manly heart, was marked by a yet fonder pressure of her encircling arms.

C H A P. VII.

RELIEVED by this indulgence of a natural sensibility, Sebastian raised himself from the neck of his wife with a serener countenance, and bade Gaspar conduct him to the viceroy's: they went out together.

As they passed through the streets, silently taking that complacent repose of the soul which follows tumultuous joy, Gaspar's eyes remained still fixed on his sovereign's face, with an expression of affectionate pleasure that seemed incapable of being sated:—his heart indeed overflowed with happiness.

Sebastian was conducted to a private apartment in the house of De Castro, at the entrance of which Gaspar left him

to return and guard Kara Aziek: Don Emanuel was standing alone; he came hastily forward, fastened the door, and fell at his master's feet. The King's emotion confused his sight, but he raised De Castro and embraced him warmly; a long silence prevailed between them: the same recollections, the same troubled anticipations of the future, were in the minds of each: their meeting was less joyous than that with Gaspar, because their more reflective characters acted on each other and roused serious thoughts, but it was equally affectionate.

“When I first saw thee, De Castro!” said his sovereign, “could I have foreseen this day, how would my frantic spirit have been appaled and checked in its unjust”——Don Emanuel's looks interrupted him; too respectful for other interruption he only averted his head, and put the King's hand to his lips with the air of one that beseeches: Sebastian gratefully eyed him.

“Generous De Castro!” he exclaimed, “vainly would you have me banish from my mind those events which your figure so forcibly recalls.—I cannot forget—I cannot forget!” he repeated, deeply sighing and sinking into a reverie. Every scene in which De Castro had been an actor, was now brought back with such frightful closeness to him, that regret and compunction grew into absolute agony; the remembrances of Antonio and of Gonsalva were so contradictory, so made up of the amiable and the hateful, that they increased the anguish of Sebastian by increasing his incertitude: he sought to end it, by suddenly inquiring of De Castro whether he had known the guilt of Donna Gonsalva ere their departure for Africa.

“By a singular chance it was discovered to me;” replied Don Emanuel,—“On my return from the Indies I went to visit my affianced wife, and found her all that she had been described to me in beauty, wit, and accomplishments. I confess that

these graces, together with the animated reception she then gave me, dazzled away my intended scrutiny of her disposition; and I reluctantly tore myself from the temptation of making her wholly mine, in order to devote myself to the last hours of my respected grandfather. When we met again, her manner was changed; an air of haughty coldness, almost amounting to contempt, gave to her beauty a new character, but that character was one which disgusted me. I could only suppose that I was indebted for this to pique at my preferring a sacred duty to the indulgence of passion.

The death of my grandfather interrupted the uneasy thoughts which her evident caprice or selfish vanity had created: my mourning was yet fresh, when in journeying from Santaren to her father's villa near Crato, it was providentially ordained that I should pass through a cluster of farm-houses, one of which was on fire. It was midnight at this time; my servants

assisted me to succour the inhabitants; most of them were saved, but one woman, whom I rescued at the imminent hazard of my life, was so grievously burned that that no hope could be entertained of her recovery. On learning my name, she testified the most extraordinary agitation, and desiring to be left alone with me, entered upon a confession of guilt which filled me with consternation.

Judge my astonishment, Sire! when I found that she was the confidential maid of Donna Gonsalva, and having met with this fatal accident during a short visit to her family, deemed it a visitation of divine justice.—She told me”—here De Castro paused apprehensively.

“Proceed without fear!” said Sebastian, with a steady voice, though his cheek was blanched—“the name once so dear to me is now only a watch-word of horror or of pity. I am eager to know her, and her seducer, completely.”

Don Emanuel resumed. “I learnt

from the woman's recital these facts.—Left to the care of so indolent, unsuspecting and weak a guardian as her aunt, Donna Gonsalva had ill brooked the retirement to which she was condemned by the absence of her father and of her husband; her restless vanity was eager for gratification, when chance shewed her to Don Antonio of Crato. I pass over his passion and its seductions; he found the fair Gonsalva too ready to sacrifice herself to vanity and ambition: he was the King's cousin, and he persuaded her that your majesty had sworn never to marry, but resolved on declaring him heir to the crown by substantiating his mother's marriage with the Duke De Beja, after which Antonio would endeavour to procure the Pope's dispensation for making her his wife.

These temptations, added to the insinuating manners of her lover, conquered the virtue of Gonsalva—she yielded herself to the prior."

A crimson flush was reflected from the faces of each, as Don Emanuel paused, and Sebastian covered his eyes with his hand: each felt at that moment a sentiment of having been dishonoured.—De Castro resumed.

“Urracca, (this servant I spoke of,) was the confidant of their meetings, for they took place in her apartments, and by her contrivance; she assured me that their guilty attachment had endured for more than a year, when I returned to Portugal. Gonsalva was then awakening from her vain dream of a throne; for your Majesty had graciously announced to your subjects that it was your intention to marry at some future period, and negociations with France and Spain were even then on foot: she began to think that to share my fortune and honours, was preferable to this pursuit of a phantom; I was therefore received with flattering ardour.

“It was after this period that she saw her royal victim.—O, Sire! must I go on?

—dare I repeat those acts of treasonable deception,—of amazing ingratitude, which—”

“All, all, De Castro!” replied Sebastian, “Judge not my heart exactly by these coward cheeks of mine: ’tis the trick of my nature to grow pale and red, at what stirs not the complexion of other men—go on—my passions are not so inflammable as they used to be—go on!”

Don Emanuel bowed his head and resumed.—“Your Majesty’s first interview with Gonsalva charmed her vanity, it offered her amusement; she saw you again; and when detailing the adventure to Urracca, she expressed a certainty of being familiar with your features, and suddenly exclaimed—“it is the portrait of Don Sebastian, that he resembles!”—In one moment her vanity and imagination had too truly united this likeness with the circumstance of the court being then at Crato, and when she saw you again, Sire, by seemingly random railleries, she nearly confirmed herself in her suspicion.

“Don Antonio had a picture of your Majesty on a snuff-box, Gonsalva examined it attentively at their next meeting, and determining to be satisfied compleatly, obtained her aunt’s permission to attend her to the cathedral of Crato, where the court were to be present at the celebration of high mass.—There, concealed under a veil, she beheld and recognized her mysterious admirer.—

“I need not add, it was immediately subsequent to this, that my second visit was received so haughtily.—About this period your majesty remained several days absent from the villa, a circumstance which alarmed the yet-unfixed hopes of Gonsalva: nightly Urracca watched from the upper window of a turret where her mistress had granted you permission to appear. One night she descried your royal person from afar, and hastening down to inform Gonsalva, heard her propose to charm you, by a seemingly unstudi-

ed display of her melodious voice. Assured of your rank, Sire ! instructed in your character by him who knew you best, she learnt how to inflame your passion by a thousand charming caprices, till she had brought you to the point desired.—Meanwhile Antonio”——

“ Ah what of Antonio ?” interrupted the King, his limbs quivering with restrained emotion, “ did he conspire ?—damned, damned dissembler !” he added, losing his self-command, “ when I was weaving him into my soul—when I trusted him—poured out my love-sick heart to him alone——boy, idiot, bubble that I was !—O De Castro, these are recollections to madden !—I regret not such perfidious wretches, but my blood grows fire when I think of the jest they must have made of feelings like mine !”

Sebastian trod the apartment with fierce and irregular steps ; De Castro looked on him with an air of tender compassion—

this sensibility to injuries recalled their first interview at Lisbon, and he lamented its continuance.

“ Donna Gonsalva, he resumed, determined not to disclose her secret to Antonio till confident of your Majesty’s settled passion ; your own august lips first revealed it to the prior : surprize and resentment nearly banished his discretion, but never having dared to let your Majesty know the libertine license in which he indulged himself, he was restrained from avowing any knowledge of Count Vimiosa’s daughter.—Of course their subsequent meeting was one of reproach : Gonsalva conquered.

“ She pleaded to Antonio the necessity of covering the consequences of their intrigue by some marriage, and since he could not legitimatize the child she carried, it was fortunate for them both, that instead of resigning herself to the *observing, frigid De Castro* (this was the epithet she gave me, Sire !) she might aggrandizē

their offspring by a union with Majesty itself.

Antonio had yielded to her arguments, and they were impatiently waiting the arrival of Vimiosa from France to break through the engagement with me, when this abhorrent secret was confided to me by Urracca.—The woman spoke with a dying breath, could I doubt her veracity?—recovering that presence of mind which the shock had deprived me of, I besought her to repeat the story in confession to a holy friar who might hereafter support my testimony; she expired ere he arrived.

It was now impossible for me to follow the impulse of my heart by hastening to undeceive my Sovereign; would he believe a tale so horribly improbable?—would he not deem it a malicious fabrication prompted by jealousy, or disappointment?—I was obliged to smother it in my own breast, and be content to watch the conduct of Gonsalva. Her third recep-

tion of me sealed the truth of Urracca.

Your Majesty must now guess at the motive of my former inexplicable conduct: I sought only to gain time; I wished but to struggle with my sovereign's desires, till the condition of Donna Gonsalva should become apparent to every eye, and the birth of her child render her shame notorious. If I erred in not hazarding my life by avowing at once"——

"I should not have believed you, noble, injured De Castro! interrupted the King, stopping and fervently squeezing his hand, "how mad I was then, you well remember. I loved that pernicious woman to such delirious excess—no, no, it was not love,—let me not disgrace the sacred sentiment which sympathizes with Aziek's, by affixing the same name to each!"

Sebastian had now afforded Don Emanuel an opportunity of giving a turn to their discourse.—Familiar with the name of Kara Aziek, on which Gasper had fre-

quently dwelt in his narrative of their captivity, and yielding to pleasurable surprise, De Castro inquired the meaning of his Sovereign's apostrophe.—

The succeeding explanation gave rise to a variety of sweet emotions in the bosom of Sebastian, which spreading over his countenance the glow of love and happiness, communicated to Don Emanuel a portion of his own delight.—That faithful noble contemplated his royal master's character and person after a separation of nearly four years, with wonder and satisfaction: how much more of character was visible on those admirable lineaments!

The smiling beauty there, which was wont first to catch the sense, and charm the fancy, was now lost in the majesty of nobler expression: it was an expression that spoke sufferings magnanimously endured, passions bravely subdued, virtues rapidly matured. De Castro felt it penetrate his heart, and exalt the poignant feeling with which he revolved the wrongs

and the privations of so interesting a creature.

With what attention did he listen to the recital of Sebastian's visit to Portugal, his second captivity, his honorable reception at the court of Persia, and the rare attachment of Kara Aziek! in return he distinctly stated his own limited powers in Brazil.

Philip's policy had gradually abridged them; yet aware of De Castro's upright conduct in the arduous station to which he had been elevated, he suffered him to remain amongst the people whom his virtues rendered obedient. Every post of influence in Brazil was now filled by Spaniards, or Portuguese devoted to Spanish views: the colony was yet weak, and therefore unable to act alone in the cause of its lawful sovereign, should he even declare himself: its land could furnish only a resting-place for him and his, where they might securely wait under De Castro's protection for some political change in Europe,

which might prove favorable to discovery.

The death of Philip, or the defection of his most powerful allies, or possibly the insurrection of Portugal itself, might hereafter offer an inviting conjuncture for a step of some risk: the recovery of his crown could not be rashly attempted, if he would spare to his people the misery of a fruitless contest. Don Emanuel suggested nothing but patience, watchfulness, and hope.

Too well convinced by the arguments of De Castro, Sebastian saw that he had no other line of conduct to choose; he must reconcile himself to an obscure life in Brazil. He consented therefore to settle as a wealthy but untitled individual, whom a mercantile speculation had brought to the new world.

“I submit to my destiny;” he said, after they had discussed these topics, “I submit to my destiny! an inglorious, unoccupied life is a fresh trial for a spirit

like mine.—Deem me not a boaster De Castro, when I say, that to live without an aim, without great and soul-quicken- ing duties, will be in my eyes a living death: I shall scarcely feel privileged to enjoy the happiness of loving and being beloved by the little circle that now en- closes all my affections.—To what have I reduced myself?—to a nothing!—a worth- less husk deprived of what was valuable within!”

Sebastian sighed heavily, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

“Not so, my honored liege!” observed Don Emanuel, “a benevolent spirit can everywhere make for itself duties and en- joyments, for to what spot shall man fly, where the voice of suffering does not reach him?—Ignorance is a calamity; it is the soil of crimes; and here we are sur- rounded by ignorant natives, whom the memory of former cruelties almost justi- fies in hating us. Those great and amia- ble qualities, which even in a state of

slavery made to themselves power and usefulness, will surely enable my King to find the same noble pleasures in a more liberal station."

"You are right De Castro," replied Sebastian, with a look of satisfaction, "I may here study the people I once governed without knowing; I may here endeavour to atone for the outrages of my ancestors, to that simple race whose land they moistened with blood. The magnificent gifts of Schah Abbas have made me rich,—adversity has made me patient; wealth and patience added to a sincere desire of doing good, ought to produce beneficial effects: if I can diffuse even a small portion of comfort around me, my days will not pass in vain."

Sebastian now minutely inquired the character and situation of the neighbouring tribes, who tributary to the Portuguese government lived under their protection, and occasionally trafficked with them in skins and feathers: to attempt their civi-

lization, appeared an object worth consideration. Don Emanuel briefly replied to him.

Among the tribes he described, were the Guaymures, a ferocious race that had formerly occupied the whole sweep of country, from Cape Frio to the river St. Francis: after perpetual wars with other tribes and European settlements, they were now driven beyond the southern bank of this great river, and lived roaming round the borders of the inconsiderable Cachoeira.

The Guaymures were cannibals: they devoured their prisoners taken in battle, and to their idol Marakha, occasionally sacrificed even their own infants. Armed with ponderous clubs and poisoned arrows, their naked bodies besmeared with the juices of noisome plants, and rendered hideous by strange punctures, their long black hair flying loose over their bodies, these tremendous savages would issue from their woods, yelling like beasts of

prey, and falling on the plantations of the Europeans, would fire their sugar-mills, slaughter the inhabitants, and make horrid banquets upon their quivering limbs.

Carrying horror and misery to others, they were themselves wretched: each gentler tribe was interested in their destruction; and by open fight or secret ambush wasted their population, and robbed them of their food. The Guaymures had neither industry nor foresight, they were therefore exposed to perpetual want and suffering, even in that bounteous climate, where nature's liberality almost out-runs the wishes of man: the rainy season produced amongst them the most grievous diseases, (for they had no better lodgings than trees) and the sick abandoned by their relations, perished in crowds every winter from starvation and bodily anguish.

Even while drawing this horrid picture, De Castro added some faint touches de-

scriptive of humanity : here and there he could record an instance of magnanimity or of mercy, which inspired Sebastian with the hope of reclaiming these unhappy creatures from their habits of blood.

The tribe was now reduced to a number comparatively trifling ; their situation was deplorable, " for every man's hand was against them and their hand was against every man ;" they were hunted like wild animals : thus pressed by famine and by persecution, they might not perhaps be so difficult to tame. Sebastian paused and considered.

" Force and terror have been used in vain," said he, " let us then try gentleness : I still think so well of human nature, as to believe that no heart is beyond the touch of gratitude. The dismal condition of this exasperated race goes to my soul ; surely I shall be able to convince them that I pity them, that I wish to succour them, that I want nothing from them,

and if so, to win their affection will not be a chimerical attempt."

As it would be prudent for Sebastian to shun scrutiny and promiscuous society in the capital; and as the viceroy now offered him a lodge near a country house of his own, within a league of the Guaymures, Sebastian instantly resolved to take up his abode there.

In this retirement his active mind would still find employment and objects of interest. The new task of humanizing a savage race, of teaching them the arts of European nations, elevating their thoughts beyond the mere animal part of our nature, and leading them to the knowledge and the worship of the one true God, would be a task of permanent gratification.

Blessed with love and friendship, and having regained the power of benefitting his fellow-creatures, he would no longer feel existence a blank: he would no longer consider this portion of his life wasted.

without memorial or recompence. It was sweet also to reflect, that such a plan embraced not merely his own views, but the peaceful wishes of Kara Aziek; sharing in each others satisfaction, both would be satisfied.

Having agreed on the propriety of extreme circumspection in their future intercourse, yet determining to avoid any appearance of mystery; the King and Don Emanuel settled the mode of their mutual visits. As a Portuguese merchant desirous of using his wealth for public good, the viceroy's consideration of him might pass uncensured: his money and jewels were to be deposited for the present in the treasury of St. Salvador, and hereafter, part of it might be employed advantageously in commerce; with the remainder he could follow at will the dictates of benevolence.

Eager to impart this amiable project to Kara Aziek and to Gaspar, Sebastian took leave of De Castro, who scarcely knew

how to yield to the formalities imposed by his situation, since they retained him from hastening to pay the homage of duty and inclination to the wife of his sovereign.

A servant conducted the supposed merchant from the presence of the viceroy, to his temporary lodging in the city, where welcomed by her he loved, and by him he esteemed, Sebastian gave himself to joy, and strove to forget those horrid features of perfidy and depravity which the hand of De Castro had unveiled.

After this period, a scene completely new, opened before the King of Portugal: he removed to the house destined for him near the district of Guaymures, where he devoted himself to win the confidence of a suspicious and cruel, because fearful and once ill-used people.

By his orders the desolate solitude was filled with cottages, to which he invited his wandering neighbours: his first care was to supply their wants without exacting or seeming to wish for any influence

over their feelings. He frequently allured their children to his dwelling, and returned them to their native forests, loaded with presents of ornament and use: the children communicated a portion of their own curiosity to their parents, and these were thus brought to come and be spectators of his conduct.

Imitating the example of Orpheus (the first tamer of men,) Sebastian touched their hearts through the purest of our senses: his flute, joined to the yet softer voice of Kara Aziek, called from their remotest haunt the amazed and delighted savages. Thus beguiled near him, they witnessed the comforts and the elegancies of polished life, in his own beautiful residence; from wandering, they came to understand, and to admire; and the transition was easy from admiration to the wish of possession, and the desire of imitation.

One by one they deserted their woods and came to dwell in his cottages; at length

they sent their children to the schools he established, in which the most simple and useful manufactures were taught. They learned to trust and to love him: by degrees they lost all doubt, they passed from the extreme of suspicion, to the extreme of confidence: and soon, as if drawn by magnetic force, the whole of the Guaymures deserted their mountain dens, abandoned their precarious existence, crowded around his colony, asking to be instructed in the arts of agriculture and building.

Industry like knowledge, has the property of humanizing; for the Guaymures ceased to delight in destruction: in proportion as they acquired the power of creating comfort around them, they became disgusted with scenes of wretchedness; and Sebastian had soon the gratification of beholding a people tamed by kindness, and rapidly proceeding in the path of improvement.

The village of Cachoeira became a town ; it grew into the wonder and the boast of Brazil.

It was situated in a deep valley, embosomed among mountains covered with forests ; the gentle Cachoeira washed their feet : plantations of young sugar-canes, maize and cotton, clothed the earth with their tender green ; domestic cattle were seen feeding in meadows of the most luxuriant verdure ; and round the lightly-constructed cottages arose gardens, in which beauty blended with utility.

The various and brilliant flowers of that benevolent climate grew there spontaneous : bowers of Tatai-iba and Guaiba appeared together, the purple fruitage of the one, and the glittering leaves and variegated blossoms of the other, mingled in the same shade.

Sometimes in summer evenings when the sun was about to set, and a freshening spirit breathed upon the reviving sense, Sebastian and Kara Aziek would sit under

the flowery porch of their dwelling, and delight themselves with the joyous scene.

The village, with its white buildings, (each surrounded by cultivated ground) afforded a smiling prospect: its simple inhabitants released from labour, were collected under the shade of their trees, observing the sports of their children, as they pursued the gaudy insects of the country from flower to flower. Above their heads, shining like coloured foils in the sun and varying the spotless blue of the heavens, myriads of birds (whose plumage has no rival in our colder skies,) were seen flashing to and fro. Everything was magnificent, or beautiful, or cheerful: the very reptiles gliding through the grass, partook of beauty and glowed with living gold.

Sometimes a sudden and heavy rain would transiently interrupt their festivity, and fall with a mighty noise alarming to those who have never heard it before: but these fearful showers are of short continu-

nace, they cease as suddenly as they commence; again the veil would disappear from the azure sky, again the scattered birds would sparkle in the setting light; and rainbows of inconceivable magnitude and splendor, would stretch from height to height, clasping in their gigantic arch the dark and massy forests below.

Far remote from the depths of these pathless woods, would come the sound of mountain-torrents and river falls which the rain had hastily swelled. Sebastian saw not the forests of Brazil without sublime emotions: their depth, their darkness, the immeasurable height of their trees, (whose thick branches had been woven together since creation;) the strange and solemn sounds proceeding from them, (to which the mind could not affix any distinct image, but which were indeed the mixed noise of insects, of birds, and of serpents, that dwelt among their innumerable leaves) all conspired to arrest and fix attention.

These vast solitudes seemed to him like the impenetrable depths of time past, and time to come: he contemplated them with similar feelings, and often did their mysterious gloom soberize his thoughts, when the delighted spirit of Kara Aziek had beguiled him into joyance. Then, lost in profound reveries, he would amaze himself with comparing the different parts of his chequered life: the years of his youth and prosperity, those of his manhood and misfortune would pass in review before him, and while he alternately remembered the days he had spent amongst the nobles in Portugal, and those he had lingered out in bitter servitude in Africa, he started to find himself thus isolated from all that was familiar, an individual almost solitary, standing on the shore of the broad Atlantic, teaching savages how to live, and peaceably gliding through existence without a name, a station, almost without a wish!

But was there not a voice within his

own breast, the sound of which was more precious to him than the loudest blast of fame? Were there not eyes that looked on him with such fulness of love and joy that he needed no livelier emotion?

The countenance of Kara Aziek beamed with her happy and approving heart: she beheld her Sebastian with enthusiasm, for she saw in him at Cachoeira, more than a King.

What palace could present so majestic a spectacle as the populous and busy valley which his beneficence had spread with dwellings and crowded with inhabitants? What train of courtiers, what pomp of ceremonies might compare with the touching and sublime sight of parents and children, husbands and wives, hanging round his steps, with thanks and assiduities, abhorring their former brutish and desperate lives, and owing to him all the blessings of civilization?

The savages reclaimed from their barbarous habits, and won to imitate the social virtues by feeling their sweet effects,

were led to seek some acquaintance with their benefactor's worship.

It was to this point Sebastian had looked for the only binding principle capable of cementing and giving duration to the virtues they had learned from selfish motives, but which it was necessary for them to practise with nobler feelings, in order to deserve the name of virtuous. He taught them the religion he believed and loved himself; but he spoke only to their hearts, they were not yet sufficiently enlightened to comprehend a direct appeal to their reason. He bewildered not their just-awakening intellect by such mysterious contradictions as the professors of popery were used to force upon their converts: it was enough for him to place them on the right track, confident that as their minds expanded by exercise on minor subjects, their moral and religious views would expand also.

At first the monks adjacent, were clamorous against this heresy of the Indians, but Don Emanuel De Castro's authority

suppressed their murmurs, and the Brazilian Portuguese relieved from the terror which the Guaymures formerly inspired, and benefitted by the gold of their countryman, suffered themselves to believe that to no other form of Christian worship would these savages have submitted.

Thus protected by the power of Don Emanuel, and assured of his friendship, Sebastian was content to remain in exile from his country and his throne, while Providence allowed him thus amply to fill even an obscure sphere of usefulness. His soul and his senses had pleasures in Brazil far superior to all they had ever enjoyed in the old world: the sight of so many human beings rescued from the misery of ignorance, indolence, and crime, was a never-ceasing source of satisfaction; and to this was added the society of a tried friend, (for Gaspar had come to Cachoeira) and the perpetual possession of her who summed up in herself all that was necessary to complete the happiness.

of Sebastian: she delighted his taste, she filled his heart.

The magnificent scenery of Brazil, its wondrous productions, and balsamic climate, added to his enjoyments by producing a variety of pleasurable sensations; he tasted for the first time a sweet and tranquil happiness; tranquil because it was profound and constant in its flow: he forgot not his kingdom, but he thought of it with less anxiety, and knowing that his days were passed in action, he ceased to regret his separation from other duties.

Kara Aziek's soul dwelt in the light of his: like the beautiful planet of night she reflected his happiness with a softened brightness. He knew himself the source of all the blessings he witnessed around him, therefore his feelings were animated and striking; she lived to love his goodness, to watch the daily colour of his mind, to adapt herself to the passing humour of the hour, to receive her bliss

from the knowledge of his, and that bliss therefore wore a tenderer and more touching aspect.

Her natural humility taught her to overlook the value of her own character and actions; but Sebastian marked them all with fond approbation; and often pausing to regard her as she administered to the wants or infirmities of the aged Guaymures, he confessed to himself that to elevate her to a throne would be to remove her from a scene in which the most endearing virtues of her soul were exercised.

Gaspar alone preserved an undiminished thirst for his King's restoration: he beheld him with a devotion nearly allied to idolatry, and in proportion as that exalted friend became absorbed in his new duties and delighted with the pleasures growing out of them, Gaspar's admiration and love increased, and with them his wish to see him re-seated on the throne of his ancestors.

He languished to have those royal virtues shine upon his own country; he languished to have that chastened character known in its full excellence, where it was now remembered only with a mixture of esteem and blame. His eyes would often fill with tears, while those of Sebastian and Kara Aziek were sparkling with amiable sympathy in the simple pastimes of their Indians; but his heart shared in that sympathy, and could he have dismissed this one source of repining, he too, would have been compleatly happy at Cachoeira.

CHAP. VIII.

TIME trod on down, for his step was unheard, and the months as they stole by, glided away like so many hours: a new source of happiness was given to Kara Aziek and to Sebastian; they became parents.

To those who know not the sacredness of such tender connexions, or who feel not the delightful endearingness of children, the birth of an infant seems an event of little interest; but O! who that loves to contemplate the purest innocence under the purest and loveliest form, the unconscious trust and dependance of infancy, the charm of its smiles, its caresses and its slumbers, who that loves or pos-

sesses a child can deem the mother's and the father's joy a trifling emotion?

As Kara Aziek wrapt her arms around her babe, she seemed to enfold it with her whole heart; she felt as if she now possessed her Sebastian more perfectly than before: she loved him still in his offspring, and the idea of her own being never once mingled with this fond sentiment.

His emotion was as heart-penetrating: in one moment every regret, every anxiety, every other thought fled from his mind; with his infant in his arms, and his eyes alternately resting upon it and Aziek, he wanted nothing more, here seemed the boundary of his views, here seemed the completion of all his wishes!

When Gaspar first embraced the little Blanche, his heart overflowed at his eyes: forgetting the prudential caution which his royal master had long demanded of him, that of waving even in private, all forms of peculiar respect, he dropt on his

knees, and holding up the child, exclaimed vehemently,

“Is this noble babe to grow up in obscurity?—O Sire, are we ever to live thus, banished from our country?”

Sebastian understood the appeal which Gaspar's agitation would not permit him to finish; a sudden flush crimsoned his cheek, some of its former fire kindled in his eye—he took Blanche from his friend, and looking at her fixedly, remained for awhile in thought, then restoring her to her mother, turned towards him:

“No Gaspar!” he said, “we shall not live ever thus; I hope to draw my last breath in our native land, and leave there on its throne, and in the hearts of its people, this smiling girl:—but once undone by rashness, I will not a second time be the cause of my own ruin. The favourable hour is not yet come; let us await it with confidence, let us sow the seed that is to reward us in the time of

harvest : my child's first years should pass in tranquillity and instruction."

Gaspar grew pale ; " Years !" he repeated, " What Sire, are years to pass ?"

The King interrupted him : " I speak of what may, not absolutely what will be ; Providence perhaps destines otherwise, and by some fortunate change in the politics of Europe, may open for me a path to Portugal. But through blood, through horror, and desolation, over the breaking hearts of thousands, never will I trample to my throne.—O Gaspar ! there is a wound in this heart of mine, not to be healed ; a wound which makes me a coward at encountering others !

" The memory of what I have brought on wretched Portugal, palsies my arm, even as it rises to strike her oppressor ; what a struggle ! what proscription ! what misery would follow if prompted by impatience,——no——speak of it no more ;

rely on my inextinguishable love for the people I once protected; and be assured that *I feel the rights of my child.*"

Gaspar recognised in the tone of Sebastian, his master and his King; he bowed respectfully and stood silent.

Kara Aziek divining his fear of having offended, turned on him a look of healing softness, and said kindly, "It is honourable for you both to feel thus differently on the same subject: my Sebastian would have spoken like Gaspar had he not been Sebastian."

Gaspar's crimsoned face was immediately bathed in tears, he rushed forward, and joining the extended hands of Aziek and her lord within his own, he kissed them vehemently and repeatedly.

From that moment the little Blanche became the object of universal interest: De Castro contemplated her as the future sovereign of Portugal, and every time his eye fell on her, he mused over times to

come, and lost himself in a labyrinth of anticipation and conjecture.

Gaspar spoke no more of her royal birth, but he nourished expectations to which reason gave no sanction: his ardent fancy appointed certain periods for the completion of certain events, and still as those periods passed by without altering the destiny of his King, he only removed his hopes a little further, and beguiled himself with a new delusion.

Sebastian alternately delivered up his soul to the full enjoyment of wedded and parental love, (forgetting the world in their Elysium) or pondered with deep solicitude on the future destiny of his child.

An adherence to our rights, is next to self-preservation the strongest principle of our nature: this principle yet survived in the breast of Sebastian, struggling against that excess of remorse for a past error, which led him to acquiesce in his

obscurity: to this was added the notion of owing to his daughter the inheritance he had received from his ancestors.

At each arrival of ships from Europe, the news they brought would render him thoughtful and joyless, for no ray of light broke through the gloom that enveloped Portugal. He heard fresh details of her suffering and her abasement; he heard livelier descriptions of her tyrant's giant power: he learnt that France was consuming with intestine divisions in her church and state, England waging a perpetual though vigorous contest with jealousy abroad and malecontents at home, and Rome espousing the cause of Philip in his war with the low countries, where the assassination of the brave Prince of Orange, (a deed to which Philip's gold had bribed the murderer) left the states under the guardianship of a youth, from whose tender years it was folly to expect wisdom.

Where then was the country that would

receive, where was the potentate that could succour a fugitive King ?

These considerations frequently discussed with Don Emanuel, and discoursed on in sweet confidence with Gaspar; were sufficient to reconcile Sebastian to the privation of that rank and power which now he coveted solely for his child: nay, sometimes he almost congratulated himself on the leisure his retirement afforded for the culture of her beautiful little body, and her inquiring mind.

With the sweetness and loveliness of her mother, Blanche inherited the fine constitution of her father; and taught to share the sports of the Indian children, became like them, light, agile, and healthful.

Crowned with the clustered roses of the Vruca, as she led the fairy train of her companions, in self-invented dances under the shade of cedars and ibiripitangas, or as sportively dragging the docile and loving Barémel in flowery

chains, she flew like a breeze over the meadows, Sebastian joyed to trace the resemblance of his best beloved, in that silken hair and those large dark eyes, which as yet knew but two expressions, delight and compassion.

Kara Aziek would stand leaning on the shoulder of her husband, tenderly noting the graceful varieties of Blanche's infant figure, the glowing transparency of her skin, (set off by contrast with her dusky associates) the symmetry of her features, and those evanescent dimples which now appeared, now vanished, about her smiling mouth. All these were the characteristics of Sebastian; and as virtuous love was still the first sentiment in the constant heart of Kara Aziek, her child became dearer for resembling her husband.

It was her delight to observe in her childish mind and heart; the same resemblance in properties and qualities: it was

her aim to nourish, to increase, to fix them.

Blanche was accustomed to hear from her infancy the eulogium of virtue, she was accustomed to see the effects produced by goodness and kindness, and she grew up therefore in such habits of active benevolence, that to have seen any one live wholly for themselves, however innocently, would have been in her eyes a sort of moral phenomenon.

The tenderness of her mother and the ardour of her father, were blended in her character; but if either quality predominated, it was the feminine one of tenderness.

Gaspar and Barémel were her dearest companions; at the voice of the first she would at any time fly from her gayest pastime, to go with him over the plantations he superintended, or to steal into some mountain cleft, where he discoursed to her of the old world and its inhabitants.

Gaspar thought only of preparing her mind for the august station he believed her born to occupy, and he became therefore a student for her sake.

The history of his own country, and of all the other European kingdoms, was now familiar to him; he collected the books which treated of their political events, their laws and customs; he tasked his memory to recollect whatever his grandfather and uncles had told him of the days of Charles V. those days in which Europe was a scene of splendid but fearful rivalry between two powerful Princes.

In the misfortunes of Francis I. he found a parallel with those of his own sovereign, and cheering himself by hoping that like Francis, Sebastian would one day return to his dominions, he detailed the sufferings and the triumph of that monarch with peculiar enthusiasm.

Blanche listened, wondered, and remembered, but the more she heard, the

less she envied the lot of Gaspar's heroes : her soul alive to pleasure rather than to ambition, loved to diffuse itself over the beauties of creation : she frequently forgot her lecturer in the sternest part of his histories, while she watched the majestic motion of some tall magnolia as the land-breeze slowly lifted its far-spreading branches, and showered its white blossoms on every side like vegetable snows.

Her ear was entranced with music, her eye with colours ; the song of birds, and the varieties of verdure, were at all times more magical to her than barren descriptions of gaudy courts, or frightful portraits of warring armies. She loved Gaspar, but it was rather for the manner in which he told his narratives, than for the narratives themselves : affection beaming in all his looks, went at once to her infant heart, and often did she break upon his details and banish from his mind everything but herself, by suddenly clasping him round the neck, uttering some endearing epithet,

and printing on his cheek the pure, the angel kiss of childish love.

Carried in his arms to the summit of such mountains as human industry had succeeded in making accessible to human feet, she would gaze with him on the distant sea, and hear with delight that she was one day to cross it and to behold the happy country he described: then she would eagerly draw a plan of their removal from Cachoeira, in which every inhabitant was included.

The children must go because they were her playfellows, their parents could not be left behind, else her young associates would be sad, and the very aged people ought to accompany them also, since otherwise they must perish for want of care and food: Barémel, dear Barémel, taught her to feel that every other young heart would have some dumb favorite to carry away, till at last she would multiply her companions in this removal, so that Gaspar was obliged to confess she must

have an ark larger than Noah's to transport the whole colony.

Blanche would then abandon the idea totally, (for curiosity was a feeble sentiment in her breast when compared with tenderness) she loved the good Indians, and no novelty in Europe compensated to her for the pain of quitting them for ever.

Content with her situation, occupied and amused by turns, passionately fond of her parents, she found no blank in the days that flowed on at Cachoeira: innocence, gaiety, and affection, made them all charming.

Blanche had attained her seventh year, when some change was produced in the prospects of her family.

An autumnal evening had closed a day of pastoral pleasure: it was the birthday of Blanche, and it had been celebrated by her young playmates, with such honors as their limited means would allow. The flowers and the fruits which grew in their

own gardens were all the offerings or ornaments they had to spread before the child of their benefactor; but with these they formed new bowers, and loaded mossy tables; with these they decorated themselves, and beneath the glorious vault of Heaven presented a scene more picturesquely beautiful than any which could be found under the domes of man.

Tired with so many hours festivity, Kara Aziek threw herself on a couch to enjoy the fresh air, which blowing through pendent branches of passion-flower and clematis, that curtained an open porch, came sweet as cooling: the risen moon shone full upon her lovely figure, illuminating those eloquent eyes which were fixed on their dearest object. Blanche had fallen asleep: her delicate little form partly rested on the ground, partly leaned on the body of Barémel, who having made no inconsiderable appearance in the fairy revels, was like his mistress

profusely adorned with flowers, and full as weary.

Everything within, was still; everything without, was tranquil. Nothing was heard, save the monotonous and plaintive hum of swarms of Brazilian bats, which instead of disturbing, induced repose.

Sebastian sat by the couch of Kara Aziek, wrapt in a tender trance of fond contemplation; his child and his wife were equally the objects of that sweet delight which gently warmed his heart; and the faithful Barémel shared the admiration.—A book was in his hand; he had taken it up to read to Kara Aziek: she reminded him of it, and opening the volume, he read with a low, gentle voice, the following poem.

THE INDIAN ISLAND.

THE sunbeams gild the waters green
That float round Borneo's palmy shore,
And angel-forms are dimly seen
Gliding the glassy ocean o'er.

Moveless one little bark remains,
That lately skimm'd the liquid way;
Silence thro' all her chambers reigns,
And no one chides her short delay:

Above, below, entrancing sounds
Now breathe, now ring, now sudden cease;
Then balmy mist the ship surrounds,
While all is stillness, sweetness, peace!

Again the airy voices swell!
Again the light blast sweeps the sea!
Again the balmy vapours dwell
On every wave, and every tree!

Swift shoots the bark, (unfetter'd now,)
Tho' smooth the tide and calm the air;
Its purple sail and gilded prow,
Some power unseen, must onward bear.

Ah who is she, that lonely lies
Beneath the broad o'er-arching sail,
With panting breast and closing eyes,
With with'ring wreath, and floating veil?

Loose o'er her neck the golden hair
Like lucid moonshine softly streams;
Her glowing cheek, (etherial fair!)
Thro' tears of tender transport beams:

For joy's excess, o'er all her face
Hath cast a clouded sweetness dim;
Smiling she leans with languid grace,
While round her dreams ecstatic, swim:

Fixed in a trance of twilight sleep,
She hears at times the magic choir,
And scents the mists that o'er the deep
Now forward flow, and now retire.

Onward the winged vessel flies,
Till sudden in a verdant bay
It stops: while viewless being's sighs
Waft the meridian fires away.

Umbrageous on the kissing hills
Tam'rinds and cedars mix their boughs;
And sounds are there of trickling rills,
And smell of cassia, myrrh, and rose:

Satiate with musky breath of flowers,
With luscious clove, and sandal sweet,
The hot air pants in leafy bowers
Where birds and beasts for shade retreat.

And now the virgin's slumbers fade,
As clashing cymbals shake the trees :
Ah, 'tis not Delos, wretched maid,
That rises mid these foreign seas !

'Tis not thy dear, thy native isle,
Where green andrachnés shade the vales,
Where almonds blush, and olives smile,
And spring leads on the freshning gales !

'Tis not the distant coast of Greece
That stretches there along the main :
Lo ! as the spicy heats increase,
Thou seek'st thy natal airs in vain.

Ah ! never, (haply,) shalt thou more
Thy parents or thy love behold ;
Thou touchest now, wild Borneo's shore ;
Thou see'st the land of crime and gold !

A shadowy shape, (more heav'nly bright
Than that which opes the gates of day,)
Oft melting from her wondering sight,
Now points the fearful stranger's way.

Thro' citron woods, and palmy dells,
 (Thick set with flowers,) where every sweet,
That scattered thro' the wide world, dwells,
 Seems there in verdant home to meet ;

O'er heights with orange blossoms strewn,
 By springs that gild the dipping grass,
By rocks of crystal yet unhewn,
 And mines of glitt'ring gems, they pass.

High in the centre of the isle,
 Where broad bannanas thickly grow,
Ascends a fair, majestic pile,
 Whiter than Lapland's drifted snow :

Around its alabaster base,
 Unnumber'd flowers their garlands wreath ;
There jasmine leads her fragrant race,
 Carnations bloom, and roses breathe ;

Above its proud, imperial crest,
 Like plumed helm of giant mold,
The streaming clouds fantastic rest,
 And shade its battlements of gold.

Now to the spot appointed, come,
 Here stays the lovely stranger's guide ;
She flits before the stately dome,
 And lo ! its portals open wide.

With rainbow splendour, blinding bright,
The di'mond hall at once appears,
But sightless with that blaze of light,
The thrilling Láis only hears.

Echoes the vaulted roof above,
With voices like the turning spheres ;
Such as in grotto, dell, or grove,
Came never yet to mortal ears ;

While harps harmonious, ring around,
One silver flute alternate sighs ;
And floating on a tide of sound,
The soul in trance celestial lies.

High piled with food ambrosial, towers
A board, whose garniture of pride
Displays each precious gem that pours
Thro' earth's deep gloom a tintured tide :

There glows the sunny topaz, there
The vernal em'rald freshly smiles,
And ruby cups such nectars bear,
As Bacchus brought from Indian isles.

With flowers immortal, gaily crowned,
(Unknown to man's obscure abodes ;)
A dazzling band the feast surround ;
It seems a banquet of the Gods !—

All, brighter than the starry host,
Which Hesper (monarch of the train,
Leads o'er Siberia's glittering coast,
When night and frost together reign !

All, fairer than a grove of palm,
When now its spring-tide leaves are on ;
Or pillar'd dome in evening's calm ;
Or ocean bright'ning in the sun !

But rais'd supreme on sapphire throne,
One glorious form, unequall'd, shines ;
The Genius of the burning zone,
The God of India's woods and mines.

Dark as the olive's deepening dye,
Yet radiant are his faultless limbs :
Effulgent, large, his lifted eye,
The hall and host immortal, dims !

It burns upon the Grecian maid,
Who like a sun-struck lily bends ;
For to her startled gaze displayed
The genius from his throne descends.

Trembling she sinks, and deems that now
Before her stands the Delian God ;
Such was his height and beamy brow,
When first on Cythus' top he trod ;

Such was his voice, (inspiring sweet !)

When green Inopus' banks among,
He first from out her deep retreat
Called Echo, with the lyric song !

Gazing, the youthful Genius hangs

Enamoured, o'er the kneeling Greek ;
Then thrill'd by love's delightful pangs,
Thus gives his kindling heart to speak.

“ See here, the nymph by magic brought !

“ See here, the boast of human charms !

“ Can wildest wishes ask for aught

“ Of fairer mould to fill my arms ?

“ No genii, no !—these deathless flowers

“ Of rosy light, embodied air,

“ That grew in Eden's summer bowers,

“ Are not so sweet, or trancing fair :

“ The countless, sparkling forms that gleam,

“ Or shine, or fade, or vanish quite,

“ Sporting in sunny Fancy's beam,

“ Are not so perfect, not so bright.

“ Then hail your Queen ! for sure those eyes

“ Will glow with tender bliss for me ;

“ Those lips repay my ardent sighs ;

“ That heart, my heart's dear treasure be !”—

Raised from his head, the circlet gay;
He places fondly on her brow;
Her senses fade,—she swoons away,
And fills his arms, a wreath of snow!

When back returns her trembling sight,
A soothing stillness round her spreads!
The pearly walls reflect a light
Like that which doubtful morning sheds:

No sound is near, save rustlings soft
Of myrtles waving to and fro,
And nightingales, that warbling oft
At distance, pour the plaint of woe:

Thro' violet beds whose sweets distil,
A far-off, gliding fount she hears;
And lo! the youthful genius still,
(But prostrate at her feet) appears!

Eclipsed by tears, no more his eyes
Burn, or insufferably shine;
Faltering with fear and broken sighs,
His voice no longer rings divine.

“And have I seen thee but to love!
“And hast thou seen me but to hate!—
“Ah, that with thee in Delian grove,
“Twere mine beloved to share thy fate!

“ Ah that with thee, ’twere mine to tend
“ A peaceful flock on Cynthus’ plain,
“ Or bless’d with thy rare smiles, to spend
“ A transient life of joy and pain !

“ For this, my days immortal, given,
“ My boundless power o’er Indies deep,
“ My throne on earth, my rank in heaven,
“ Were even then, a purchase cheap !”—

“ O cease thou unknown God ! or say
“ By what strange magic am I here ?
“ Why torn from all I love away,
“ And doom’d thy fruitless vows to hear ?

“ Art thou a God, and dost not know
“ That I this withering garland wore,
“ To welcome from a vanquished foe,
“ The warlike youth whom I adore ?

“ That as his conquering gallies rode
“ Majestic o’er the foamy sea,
“ I hasted from the shouting croud,
“ To shed the tears of ecstasy ;

“ And while my raised, transported soul,
“ On joy’s tumultuous surge was tost,
“ Strange slumbers o’er my senses stole,
“ That fled but on thy fearful coast ?—

“ What means that cry of wild despair ?

“ That look of more than mortal pain ?

“ Why dost thou rend thy radiant hair ?

“ O, waft me to my home again !”

“ Cease then to talk of love, or be

“ Thy voice for me thus thrilling sweet ;

“ Thy love-expressive eyes, from me

“ Thro’ softer mists, abashed retreat !

“ O let me, let me fondly press

“ These trembling, longing lips to thine,

“ And lost in rapture’s transc’d excess,

“ Blend all thy lovely soul with mine !

“ Then shalt thou share my ample throne ;

“ Then to my prayer incessant, given,

“ Thine shall it be, yes thine alone,

“ In mortal shape to range thro’ heaven !”

“ Forbear ! forbear !” she breathless cries,

(As now with wild, impassion’d start,

With burning cheeks and burning eyes,

The Genius strains her to his heart :)

“ O, by those precious tears, that late

“ Thy splendor quench’d, and seem’d to prove

“ A breast incapable of hate,

“ But warm with pity, as with love ;

- “ O, by those drops of sacred dew,
“ I charge thee now, this storm control!
“ Death could not thus affright my view’,
“ Thy guilty transports stain my soul!
- “ Wrapt in these arms, with chastest bliss
“ Oft has my blooming Phaon sighed;
“ This cheek hath blush’d beneath his kiss,
“ These eyes to his fond gaze replied;
- “ Then by the Queen of Night I swear!
“ The spotless Goddess of the chase,
“ Never shall god or mortal, share
“ With him I love, my pure embrace!
- “ Betrothed to his, my wedded heart
“ No time, no distance can divorce:
“ At first was shot thy deadliest dart;
“ Thou hast no more of equal force;”
- “ Like a clear cloud, in which appears
“ The wat’ry moon or showery bow;
“ Shining thro’ sad yet tender tears,
“ She stands awhile in silent woe;
- In mem’ry’s glass she sees the grove,
“ Where Phaon met her oft by night;
“ She beauteous as the queen of love,
“ He like the young Adonis bright.

Prone at her feet, the Genius sinks
With frantic looks of new desire;
His eye her melting beauty drinks,
His lips impassion'd sighs respire.

“ Vain are thy vows ! for never more
“ Canst thou to Delos' coast return :
“ Thee only would I thus implore ;
“ For thee I languish, thee I burn !

“ Eternal fires my breast destroy,
“ My thoughts in strange deliriums float :
“ O never can that earthly boy
“ So wildly love, so madly dote !—

“ Abhorrent still !—then take thy fate !
“ Hence to a life of ceaseless fear !
“ Ne'er shall thy heart's alarm abate,
“ Till that proud heart hath wished me near !”

He speaks, and instant darkness falls
Stilly and thick, o'er all things round ;
Silence that virtue's self appalls,
Succeeds to Love and Music's sounds ;

Sudden loud thunders peal on high,
Huge forests crash, and ocean raves ;
While beasts of prey tremendous cry,
And Echo calls from all her caves ;—

At this part of the ballad, the sudden entrance of Don Emanuel de Castro interrupted Sebastian, and throwing aside the book, he arose to welcome him.

CHAP. IX.

THE countenance of the viceroy announced important intelligence: "What have I to learn?" exclaimed Sebastian, eagerly advancing.

"That I am recalled:" answered De Castro. "I am now a simple individual in Brazil. A new governor is just landed; and the same ship which conveyed him from Spain, has brought me letters from my sister of my Medina Sidonia: their contents make me welcome my recal as a harbinger"—

Here Kara Aziek springing up with a blanched cheek, caught his arm, exclaimed in a voice of alarm,

"O say not that our peaceful days are over! rouse not those thoughts, those

wishes—danger, anxiety, destruction perhaps, await—ah ! my Sebastian, thy looks tell me what I have to fear.”—

Sebastian received her trembling frame in his arms, as weeping and faint she turned from Don Emanuel to him ; she felt that his body shook with strong emotion : he spoke not to her, but he pressed her against his heart while his eyes impatiently searched those of De Castro. The unusual animation he saw there, deceived him ; his rapid imagination shot away, and seized the utmost of his wishes : in breathless haste he could scarcely articulate ;

“ You are recalled—a new viceroy is arrived !—Philip then is dead ! ”—

“ Not dead, nor dying,”—replied De Castro, pained to observe the delusion his manner had excited.

Sebastian’s cheek lost its flush, and he sunk down on the couch Aziek had quit-
ted, with such a deep sigh of disappointment, that De Castro stopped.

The King recovered himself after a

short struggle, and while a blush recoloured his face, said faintly, "This is foolish in me—quite foolish De Castro!—you see how imperfectly I have quelled my character: after so many years of discipline, imagination and passion are as omnipotent as ever!—Well, tell me what you have to relate of our ill-fated Portugal."

Kara Aziek folded her arms closely round him, in silence; as if fearful that De Castro's next words were to tear him from her: pale and speechless she hung upon his looks.

"The situation of Europe, Sire!" resumed Don Emanuel, "affords for the first time a rational prospect of hope. The Low Countries still wage successful war against Philip; their young Prince Maurice proves himself worthy of his father; England has openly declared against Spain; the grand armada of Philip has been destroyed on her coast, and she threatens to attack his shores in return:

Henry of France has been assassinated!—the Protestant King of Navarre is his successor. The Catholic league thus shaken, France, England, Holland, Sweden, and the petty states of Germany all professing the same faith with my sovereign, all hostile to the religious opinions and political views of the relentless bigot, may we not conclude, that to seat a protestant prince on the throne of Portugal will be considered by them as an act of sound policy?”

Don Emanuel paused, and his temperate eyes met the fixed ones of Sebastian; how much was in them!—Animated by their kindling expression, he went on.

“These are the hopes which make me hail my recal: I shall be enabled to ascertain the situation, and to feel the pulse of the Portuguese. After satisfying myself on these points, it is my intention to pass into England or into France, as circumstances may direct; and there, should my sovereign approve the bold design, I may

unfold the plan of a quadruple alliance between the four Protestant powers, which could not fail of crushing the general tyrant, and giving peace to Europe.—O Sire! might I but live to be instrumental in bringing you back to your people; might I but live to see a Portuguese Prince wear the crown so long usurped by the very fiend of intolerance, I should think my life nobly filled up, and its duties done.”

As De Castro spoke he bent his knee to the earth, and kissed the hand of the King: Sebastian raised him.

“Excellent De Castro!” he said, “I have not words to thank you;—here is one that should thank you too, but love makes a coward of her.—What fear you, my Aziek! (he said, fondly turning to her, and resting his lips on her pale cheek,) I am with you—now and for ever with you:—alike inseparable in danger or obscurity, in weal or woe, in life or death!”—

The look, the voice, the words of her

Sebastian went at once to the heart of Kara Aziek; she burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming, "Ah! let me ever have thee here—here in these arms!—I ask but to share thy fate, not to oppose thy duties or thy wishes."

"I will have none in which you do not willingly share, my Aziek!" replied Sebastian, tenderly smiling on her, "be assured that the first object still in this heart, is thyself, the next our child; but my first duty is to my country.—Allow me then to risk something for her sake, at least not to turn aside from the favourable avenue thus suddenly opened to me by the hand of Heaven itself?"

"And what wouldst thou do, my Sebastian?" asked Kara Aziek, yet clinging to his arm; "wouldst thou quit Brazil, embark in a perilous enterprize, and put thy wife, thy child, thy very existence to the hazard?"

This question caused Sebastian to pause and consider what course was best to pur-

sue. De Castro ventured to suggest some arguments against a precipitate confidence in any European power, and those arguments being enforced by the conclusions of Sebastian's own mind, wrought him to confess that prudence commanded him to remain in South America.

Till secure of being acknowledged, received, and supported, either by France, England, or the Netherlands, it would be madness in him to abandon the peaceful retirement in which he lived; and distant as was Brazil, still it was better to remain there unsuspected, than to wander in disguise and apprehension from realm to realm.

Political bodies do not move with the rapidity of natural ones; consequently a voyage to and from Brazil might be made if required, without delaying the execution of any grand blow: De Castro's secret mission might be diffusing itself through the different courts, till a moment arrived in which policy would de-

mand the decisive act of Sebastian's personal appearance.

In discussion and consultation half the night was consumed, and on the morrow Gaspar was sent for to take leave of the late viceroy.

No sooner did that faithful friend hear the momentous events which seemed conducting his King to the point for which he languished, than he gave way to the wildest joy, and offered Don Emanuel to accompany him if needful, to the remotest corner of Europe.

Still more endeared by these testimonies of attachment, Sebastian would not endure the thought of being bereaved of two friends at once; and Don Emanuel deemed it imprudent to return home accompanied by one who might be recollected in Portugal as the man who had asserted his sovereign's existence in Africa.

He now bade farewell to Cachoeira with some regret, but more presages of future

good: as he kissed the hand of Kara Aziek, she whispered in a tremulous voice; "Adieu, Don Emanuel! justify the trust my heart reposes in you, by thinking more of your King's happiness, than of that ungrateful Portugal which spurned him from her. In the name of God I conjure you be well assured of her penitence and resolution—be confident of the fidelity of other powers, ere you call my Sebastian from the bosom of benevolent and peaceful enjoyment, to a scene of contest. I have no ambition for this unconscious child."

De Castro replied to the touching sigh with which she concluded, by a glance full of enthusiasm; "But I have, madam!" he said, bending to press the forehead of little Blanche, "this expansive brow must one day wear a crown; even now, it promises to be the seat of royal virtues. You must not tempt me into treason against my country; and treason it would be to withhold such a treasure from her arms."

A faint smile shone through the tears of Kara Aziek; she bent towards her child with a mixture of pain and pleasure, for the mother was gratified by this tender compliment.

Sebastian embraced his noble friend: his looks were unusually serious, and by turns the colour on his cheek deepened and faded.

“ You go, De Castro !” he said, “ you go with our destiny in your hands. You know my soul—you know the tender ties which render life and liberty precious to me: once, I would have gone as gladly to death for the mere chance of recovering my rights, freeing my people, and regaining power to punish her oppressor, as I would have hastened to my bridal hour; but now, these dear objects, these more precious parts of myself, in whom I breathe, live, and enjoy, tug at my heart-strings, and make a coward of me !”

Sebastian stopt to recover voice, for a tide of tenderness subdued him. After a

moment he resumed. "Think of them in all your actions: be just to them, as to Portugal: let your zeal for each be equally balanced, and then whatever be the requisitions you may demand of my domestic security, I will implicitly comply with them. I am ready to *risk much* for my people if they be worthy the risk; but I will not *sacrifice all* to a capricious or ungrateful nobility."

Kara Aziek snatched her husband's hand to her lips, with an exclamation of joy: Sebastian turned on her a look expressive of his soul.

De Castro gave the promise desired of him, settled the cypher with which they were to correspond on political subjects, and taking a gracious leave of Gaspar, was about to depart, when Sebastian called him back.

"Stay awhile, Don Emanuel," he said, "I had forgotten to give you a passport to Sir Anthony Shirley. This ring, for which I exchanged one bestowed on me

by my Aziek, will recall me to him as the Knight of the Cross ; and through his testimony perhaps, your romance may obtain an accredited hearing from the Queen of England. Tell the generous Englishman how truly, how warmly I remember him ; tell him that the memory of his noble confidence at a time when everything conspired to make suspicion almost a virtue, will never leave my heart !

“ Shirley, who knew my past abhorrence of those pure doctrines I would now die to defend, may doubt my present sincerity ; but you, De Castro, must clear me from the imputation of deserting the worship of my fathers, through political motives.

“ Fixed for an indefinite period in this land where every Portuguese considers me as a strange and unhallowed, though perhaps, benevolent person, policy would have bidden me shew an excessive zeal for the faith of Rome : instead of that, I have risked my personal safety, and have been

grievously persecuted and traversed by those severe ecclesiastics whom your authority was not sufficient to silence.

“As it is, I expect that this alteration in my religious opinions, so far from assisting me to my throne, will prove a bar to my progress: my people may apprehend persecution from me.—Did they but read my heart!”

The King having paused, De Castro ventured to speak. “My voice, Sire! shall not slumber, believe me; happily the Portuguese have been used to respect my voice; and since they hear the same temperate profession of our national religion, from the man who has lived above seven years in precious friendship with his sovereign, they will learn to understand that what he *believes* himself, he wishes not to *force* on others—adieu, my honoured liege! when we meet again”—

Don Emanuel could not proceed further: he threw himself once more at the feet of his King, who bending to raise and

embrace him, repeated in a low voice, "when we meet again! De Castro, what a volume for thought, is there in those few words!"

Sebastian still held Don Emanuel, but he ceased to see him: his mind fell back on itself, and plunged in a deep reverie, he remained many minutes standing in the same fixed attitude, when the soft touch of Kara Aziek recalled him to recollection.

Starting at the gentle pressure of that dear hand, he recovered himself with a pensive smile, and returned the parting benediction of De Castro.

Don Emanuel's composed features now for the first time assumed an appearance of great emotion; his face was whiter than death, and his words inarticulate: he looked as if suddenly overcome with a painful presentiment.

In truth, Sebastian's expression had excited in him some apprehension for the fate of his purposed embassy, and the pos-

sibility of failure pierced him to the heart: he looked at his King, and the idea that they were never to meet again, crossed him like a horrid phantom. Again he kissed his hands, and hurrying out of the apartments, departed for ever from Cachoeira.

CHAP. X.

THE departure of Don Emanuel De Castro might have produced an alarming change in the situation of Sebastian, had the Spanish viceroy been a man of rigid principles; fortunately he was otherwise.

Indifferent to matters of conscience, and wholly devoted to pleasure, he listened at first without emotion to the representations of the Monks, (who now hastened to influence him against their heretical countryman;) but when they added their belief that the Portuguese settler must have used witchcraft to humanize the Guaymures, his inattention ceased, and he questioned them further.

De Cunha was not a character easily

impressed by superstition ; and laughing at the grave assertion of the Monks, he resolved to protect the man they persecuted. If a private individual chose to waste his fortune and his time upon the cultivation of a savage race, why should De Cunha interfere, since his government would be rendered less troublesome by their continuance in peace ? why should he demolish the village of Cachoeira and drive the Guaymures back to their dens and their barbarism, solely to oblige a set of persons whom he denominated *moral Locusts* ? While De Cunha continued to live in this world as if there were no other, while he worshipped only distinctions and delights, what cared he if others chose to venerate Gods, saints, or devils ?

This criminal apathy to the noblest sentiment of man, was here rendered an instrument of good, to a being of a far different stamp : Sebastian was permitted to pursue his own plans, and having had the discretion to send a sumptuous pre-

sent to the viceroy, his gift was accepted in lieu of personal appearance, and from that hour his existence was scarcely remembered at St. Salvador.

Domestic happiness still spread its mild sunshine over his retired abode: alternate occupation and rest afforded him just time to feel that he was useful, and that he was blest. If anxious thoughts intruded, he strove to moderate, though not wholly to stifle them.

The expanding mind of Blanche now called for increased attention: intent on nourishing and developing her precious qualities, both parents would have ceased to recollect that she was born to inherit a crown, had not the conversation of Gaspar, and the letters of Don Emanuel, kept that recollection alive.

So remote from Europe, the communications they received from thence, were necessarily at very distant intervals; but these were always interesting, and calculated to animate hope.

De Castro had been recalled solely through an intrigue of De Cunha's family, who impoverished by their relations' prodigality, had exerted themselves to procure for him the lucrative situation of viceroy over the new world: being supported by Philip's mistress they had ultimately succeeded.

The purity and discretion of De Castro's government placed him beyond the reach of censure: his retired manners excited no envy; he had not a single enemy at the court of Castille, and therefore he found no difficulty in gaining permission from Philip to seek the re-establishment of his health by travel into other countries.

This leave obtained, he hastened to turn it to use: he visited his sister the duchess of Medina Sidonia, and without unvieling to them the motive of his enquiries, cautiously learnt from her and her husband the real state of Philip's affairs. These were not so flourishing as rival potentates imagined.

Discontent at his long and wasteful, and unjust war with the Netherlands, began to pervade his own dominions: the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, were truly considered to have their origin in his commands; and now from fearing their sovereign, his people began to hate him.

The Portuguese were unanimous in abhorring a tyrant whom some of them had assisted in seating on their throne; but repentance availed not; they were shorn of their strength, and like the self-ruined Sampson, were destined to behold their own degradation, with the poignant conviction of owing it to their own imbecility.

De Castro staid not longer in Portugal than was necessary to revive amongst some of the most spirited, a hope that Don Sebastian yet existed. In secret, and with the utmost caution, he confided to a chosen few, his belief of their master's safety; but further than this, he deemed it impolitic to proceed: the first step was to rouse them from despair, the next should be to

point out an animating ground for expectation.

Having made the tour of Portugal, and singled out such persons as he thought fitted for his purpose, and faithful to their country, he passed into Italy, where he wearied out suspicion, by travelling from place to place, as if solely led by curiosity, or in search of health.

Nothing was more common than noblemen travelling incognito, consequently, no one expressed surprize when they heard that Don Emanuel De Castro made his tour under a feigned name, and with a small suite.

Near a fishing town on the coast between Italy and France, he fixed himself during several months: unknown and unobserved he dispatched from this place a couple of trusty friends, to whom alone he had confided the absolute existence of Don Sebastian.

Texere, an enlightened and liberal priest of the Romish church, went for England;

while Don Juan De Castro (a cousin of Emanuel's) procured admission into France, and penetrated even to the presence of Henry himself.

Don Juan's mission was to gain over the French King, and to convince him of the policy of entering into a confederacy with England and Holland, for the restoration of a monarch whom now the same faith would bind closely to their future interests: father Texere was to insinuate himself into the favour of those who governed the English Queen, and by magnificent promises to them, insure her efficient assistance: another emissary was sent into Holland, where Prince Maurice swayed at will the hearts of his countrymen.

The progress of these agents was slow and wavering. In England the Earl of Leicester (who then guided the councils,) acted with cold and narrow policy: this policy looked not beyond its own immediate interests, treating as visionary all

solicitude for the rights of a sovereign no longer able to throw a weight in the scale of Europe.

He considered, and calculated, and scrutinized so much, that he suffered the time for action to escape; and secretly discrediting the report of Texere concerning the new opinions, and altered character of Don Sebastian, he habituated himself only to think of Don Sebastian's restoration as an act which would reseal a madman.

Sir Anthony Shirley was yet in Persia: no other courtier had equal influence with Leicester, and forced to bear with all his caprices, Texere wore away month after month in continual negociation, which still produced nothing decisive, and which not even the urgent letters of De Castro could bring to a point.

Don Juan was better received, though with less prospect of benefit, by the amiable King of Navarre. Henry heard with extreme sensibility the story of his royal

kinsman; he even shed tears: but what availed his sympathy or his zeal? he was himself struggling against one half of his subjects, whose religious animosities threatened him with destruction; and alternately conquering or conquered, without treasures, almost without authority, it rather became him to seek the protection of others than to stand forth the champion of Don Sebastian.

All that Juan could obtain or reasonably ask, was the promise of assistance, whenever France should have acknowledged her lawful King.

In the Netherlands Prince Maurice also was hotly contending against the arms of the Duke of Alva:—unless encouraged by France and England, and aided by the insurrection of Portugal, he feared to animate the fury of his invaders by a rash declaration in favor of the Protestant Prince, and therefore frankly confessed, that the only service in his power was that of con-

tinuing to employ the stoutest troops of Spain.

These negociations proceeded not with the rapidity of ordinary affairs: sometimes they ebbed, sometimes they flowed; the events of one day would accelerate their motion, the changes of another, suspend them altogether.

Time passed, and so long was the period, that the inhabitants of Cachoeira nearly abandoned expectation: they heard from De Castro of his attempts, his risks, his mortifications, his suddenly raised, and as suddenly blasted hopes, his busy goings hither and thither, his narrow escapes of discovery, and all the long et ceteras of an important and concealed mission.

They heard this at first with lively emotions that corresponded only too faithfully with his own: but by degrees anxiety became exhausted, frequent disappointment broke the spring of hope, and each

in secret resigned themselves to a life of retirement in Brazil.

Bitter were the tears shed by Gaspar whenever he pondered over such a prospect: but he dared not interrupt by his complaints that serious calm which Sebastian had succeeded in diffusing over his feelings: he wept alone, or in company with the young Blanche, who compassionated his sadness, though she knew not the cause.

Ships from Europe came to St. Salvador twice a year: their arrival uniformly produced great agitation in Sebastian and Kara Aziek: the former anticipated the news they might bring, with ungoverned eagerness, the other dreaded to learn them, lest they should call her husband into danger. But on each, the same cause produced the same effect: it gave them a habit of trouble and anticipation; it destroyed that delightful serenity, that tranquillity of the soul, which reflects in all their beauty the various images of sur-

rounding happiness: they no longer moved through the paradise they had created, with looks that said, "here is our world;" care and disquiet sat on their brows, and plunged in frequent reveries, they gave evident proof of having deeper interest far away.

It was from observing this change in Kara Aziek, that Sebastian first learnt to note the alteration in himself: that instant he decided on his course.

He ceased to talk of Portugal and De Castro, he called on his family to follow his example, and courageously striving to restore his mind to that self-commanding state from which he had suffered it to be driven, he resumed his former occupations with his former energy.

Again smiles and pleasures appeared at Cachoeira; again the beautiful Blanche led the gay dance under her favorite trees; again she decorated with flowers on each returning day of her birth, the loving Barémel, now grown old and indolent.

Meanwhile, the hopes of her parents, though chastised, were not annihilated; the letters of De Castro still informed them that his zeal was untired, and that, although adverse political events might delay their wishes, he yet believed that all would prosper at last.

Even Gaspar began to reconcile himself to these languid expectations, when he was one day summoned to the presence of his friend and King.

Sebastian was standing alone with an opened letter in his hand; the contents of which had evidently taken the colour from his cheek: never before had Gaspar seen him so pale.

He raised his eyes on the entrance of the latter, and said in a low voice, "Gaspar, you must support me—my heart will not have strength of itself—such a sacrifice is demanded! all-gracious God! must I acquiesce?"

Sebastian stood with his clasped hands raised to his head, though that was bent

down with the air of one whom the prospect of some impending misfortune has completely subdued.

“What means my liege?” exclaimed Gaspar, “what sacrifice is demanded?”

“My child!—my child Gaspar!” interrupted Sebastian, fixing a wild look on him, then instantly turning away: Gaspar spoke not; bewildered by the many conjectures to which these few words gave rise, he stood silent. Meanwhile Sebastian recovered.

“They would have my daughter in their hands;” he resumed.

“Of whom do you speak sire?”

“Of the English:” replied the King, “ere they will attempt aught for Portugal, they must have a hostage in their possession, a gaurantee of my good faith: De Castro in his zeal, had named my daughter, and it is her they demand. O Gaspar, how shall I tear her from her doting mother?”

Relieved by this imperfect explanation, Gaspar found voice to inquire more par-

ticularly. Sebastian shewed him the letter from Don Emanuel ; its contents were unusually important.

Disgusted with the timidity of Henry IV. and alarmed by his secession from the Protestant interest, England began to cast an anxious eye on every Prince of her own complexion in religion and politics : it was now therefore that the agents of Sebastian obtained from her a favourable hearing.

Leicester was dead, and his place in the heart of Elizabeth, was filled by the young Earl of Essex, then the idol of the court, the camp, and the city : his generous soul was touched by the affecting narrative of father Texere.

Yet new in cabinets, and too benevolent for a system of mere policy, he embraced the cause of a suffering King, with all the ardour of youth : he led Texere to the Queen ; and refusing any other discussion of so delicate and sacred a subject,

called on her to determine at once, for justice and Don Sebastian.

Elizabeth was not so much the lover as to yield implicitly to this importunity; she was the wily and the wary Elizabeth still: and it was not till she had canvassed and balanced all the political advantages and disadvantages of such a step, that she expressed her willingness to join in the attempt of reinstating her royal suppliant on his throne.

Caution directed her discourse: she represented the necessity of acquiring the support of other protestant Princes, whom she undertook to sound through her agents at their courts; and she insisted on seeing Don Emanuel De Castro himself, from whose lips alone she would accept those promises she determined to exact on the part of his King.

Don Emanuel made no hesitation of immediately crossing to England: he left his residence in Italy, began to travel, and

suddenly affecting to be sent for by a sick relation, who commanded one of the Portuguese forts in Africa, he dismissed his household, and attended only by one trusty domestic, passed in disguise from a neutral port to that of London.

His reception at the British court was as flattering as his wishes: satisfied with her policy, and warmed by Essex into some interest for the fate of a monarch whose impetuous yet amiable character so nearly resembled his own, Elizabeth met De Castro with an air of perfect sincerity. The downfall of Philip rather more than the restoration of Sebastian, was in her thoughts, but equity and religion alone were on her tongue.

Having questioned De Castro upon the situation of his royal master, she discovered that he was a husband and a father; though in what quarter of the globe he lay concealed, not even her subtle art could penetrate. This one reserve Don Ema-

nuel deemed it a duty for him to insist on preserving.

Pleased with the information thus obtained, as it afforded her the means of security against ingratitude, she peremptorily told De Castro, that unless the Princess of Portugal were put into her hands, she would not draw a sword in her father's cause.

At first, Don Emanuel was shocked; and conscious of the anguish such a requisition would inflict upon Kara Aziek, ventured to propose himself and his cousin as hostages for the fulfilment of any treaty she might conclude with Don Sebastian.

Elizabeth was inflexible: and Essex, whose quick imagination had already transported him from the projection of their enterprise to its happy completion, and who saw therefore, but a span of time between the two periods, joined his persuasions; representing the candour and

dignity of such a proceeding; assuring Don Emanuel that the moment in which he welcomed Blanche to an English shore, should see him bind himself to be her knight, her friend, and her protector.

Don Emanuel required some days to consider of his proposition: the consideration cost him much disquiet. To separate Blanche from parents to whom she was everything, seemed an act of absolute barbarity; yet to lose the only rational and substantial prospect of regaining her rights, by a want of firmness to endure unavoidable privations, appeared equally criminal. It is true, Elizabeth had proposed the pleasing expedient of leaving the pretty hostage still in her parents' hands; but then those parents must come with her to England, and accept an asylum there.

De Castro's blood ran cold, when the dismal fate of Mary Stuart crossed his memory: she too, had come for succour and for comfort; she too, had been invit-

ed, caressed, and outwardly commiserated; but she had languished out her youth in a prison, and terminated her sorrows on a scaffold.

It was evident to him, from the looks and language of Essex, that his thoughts had been similar, at this part of their discourse; and De Castro therefore decided, that if policy enjoined Elizabeth to secure a hostage for the fidelity of Sebastian, the same prudence required him to preserve the father of Blanche, in order that his existence might act as a check upon Elizabeth's selfish views.

These reflections determined him; and he was on the point of hastening to inform her majesty that he would signify her desire to his royal master, when he heard that Sir Anthony Shirley was returned from Persia.

Taking this event as a favorable omen, the zealous De Castro lost not a moment in procuring admission to him.

The ring confided to him at Cachoeira,

was his passport: Shirley saw it again, with an emotion of joy, honourable to his character.

“Then I hear of him at last!” he exclaimed, “where is he? what fortunes have befallen him since we parted at the court of Schah Abbas?—how many times have thoughts of him kept these eyes from sleep!”

“If I am to answer any, or all of these questions,” replied Don Emanuel, with his usual stately yet sweet seriousness, “you must first assure me Sir Anthony that the fortunes of my noble friend are sufficiently interesting to you, to make you cheerfully assist in repairing them?—at this moment he claims, and I demand for him, the support of every loyal heart.”

“He may command mine to the gates of death,” exclaimed Shirley: Don Emanuel resumed.

“In those sleepless nights you speak of, did your thoughts never conjecture who the Knight of the Cross might be?—did

your thoughts never start at your own imagination, deeming that suspicion romantic which this period will shew to have been correct?—Surely Sir Anthony, your eyes, accustomed to see the brightness of majesty—”

Shirley interrupted him: “Almighty God! then it is the King of Portugal of whom we talk.”

By an instantaneous impulse Don Emanuel opened his arms without speaking, for he was deeply affected, and Sir Anthony, impelled by the same feeling, exchanged an embrace with him, which plighted their faith to each other in the same cause. After this, De Castro opened himself without reserve to the confidence inspired by Shirley.

Astonishment, pity, and admiration, kept the latter suspended during the course of this recital: never in his life had he been so moved; and when he heard that one faith, as one love, united the two hearts he prized so much, some tears trickled down his cheek.

Shirley's evidence respecting the perilous situation of Persia, tended to heighten Queen Elizabeth's respect for the character of Sebastian, and by his advice De Castro no longer delayed acquainting her with his intention of dispatching a pressing letter to Brazil, which he doubted not would produce the effect they wished.

In this letter De Castro had suggested every thing necessary for the safe conduct of Blanche to Europe: he advised placing her under the protection of Gaspar, whose love for her was almost paternal; with him she might proceed to Sicily, where the Duchess of Medina Sidonia had just gone to take possession of an estate left her by an Italian relation.

This favourite sister of De Castro's, already warm in their cause, would joy to receive the legitimate heiress of her native country, and Don Emanuel engaged to be at Messina, as her escort into England.

Cautious himself, De Castro did not

chuse that his young charge should make direct for any British port ; since it was impossible to foresee what changes might have taken place in the period that must elapse between the writing of the present letter, and the arrival of Blanche.

Such were the momentous details contained in the packet from Don Emanuel, which he had warily transmitted through a neutral vessel to Messina, and thence to Brazil : the perusal of them caused a conflict in the heart of Gaspar. He would have exulted had he not seen the friend and master whom he idolized, a prey to extreme grief.

Sebastian was indeed suffering in idea, all the pangs of parting from an only and beloved child ; and while he fancied the tears and cries of her yet dearer mother, his hardly-earned philosophy deserted him at once.

It was necessary that Gaspar should now forget that he was his King, and think of him merely as a man struck

and enfeebled by sorrow, he ventured to enter fully on the important inducements to the separation they dreaded; and explaining every motive more distinctly than De Castro could take time to do, he succeeded in recalling Sebastian to a sense of his daughter's interest, and his people's claims.

After a long discussion, the sad father exhorted Gaspar to a temporary silence on the subject of their discourse, and requesting to be left alone, shut himself into his apartment to ruminate on the arguments to which he had been listening.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

and this was the first time he had
come into the room since he had
to the window and the door. He
was not alone. He was with a
man who could not be seen in the
dark. The man was calling out to
him. He was calling out to him
and he was not alone.

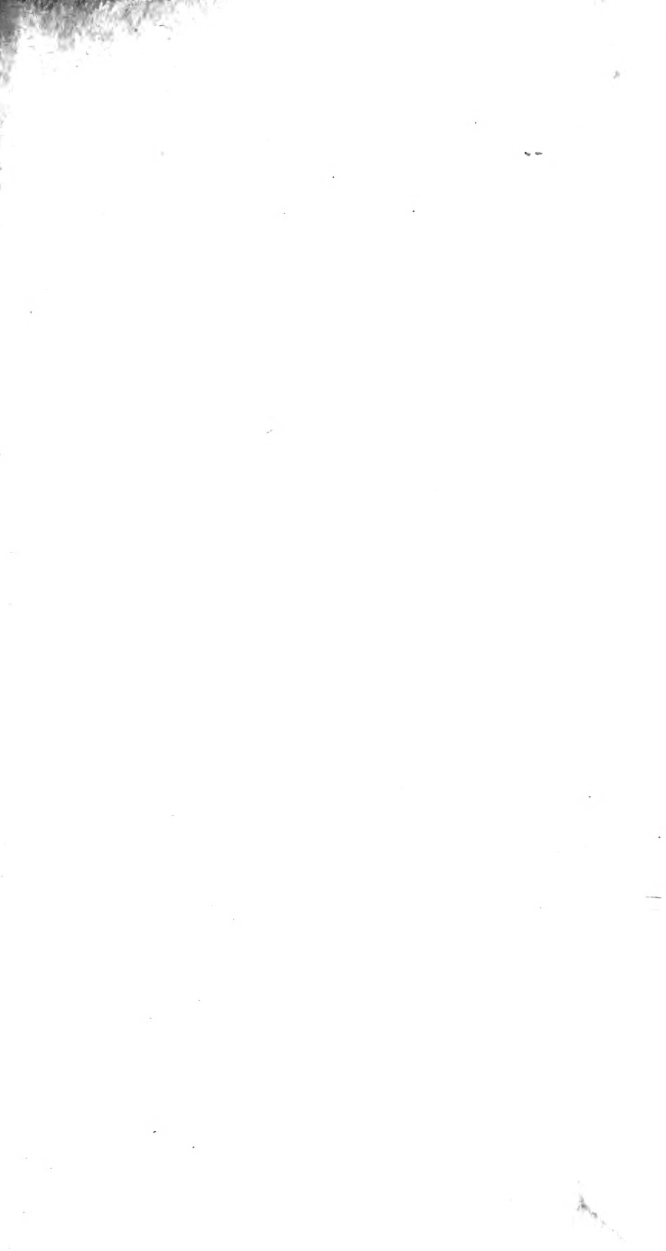
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THE END

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